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THE PARTY OF REACTION.

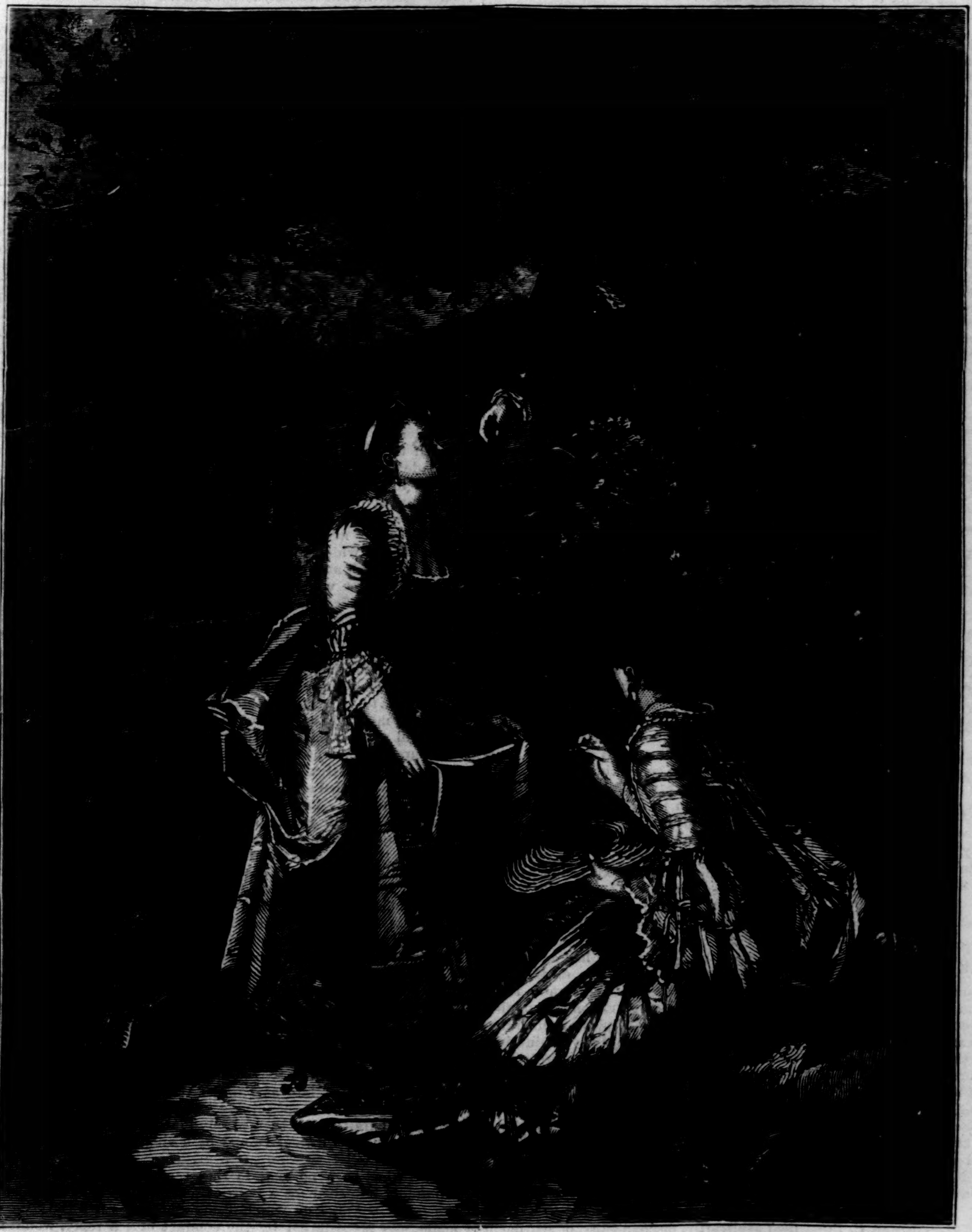
By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

ONCE more, it seems, that party of reaction and of decay which has so often been beaten down by the arms or the votes of the American people is encouraging itself with new hopes, and meditates a fresh assault upon the integrity and the defenses of the Union. All those who hate education and decry the teacher, who have become noted for their enmity to free speech and a free press, who have borrowed their political notions from the worst forms of European aristocracy, or their conceptions of political honesty from papal Rome, have united in a daring effort to grasp the control of the republic. The new party—the party of reaction—which cheers on the leaders of the Cincinnati gathering, and awaits its opportunity to drive the Union men from power, is composed of the same elements that were crushed by the statesmanship of LINCOLN and the victories of GRANT. We have from the South a general uprising in favor of the new movement. The rebel press, flushed with unlooked-for hopes, celebrates its patriots of Cincinnati. The men who were accustomed in their youth to harry school-masters and shoot down fugitive slaves, and in their manhood fought behind the walls of Vicksburg or in the swamps of Georgia; who, since the war, have found ample leisure to burn school-houses in Mississippi and inflict horrible tortures upon innocent colored men and women in the Carolinas; who have made the South no safe place for the lovers of freedom and union, are relied upon as the firm friends of the new party. And we are told that this is a proof of their late repentance; are asked not only to condone their crimes, but to intrust their leaders with the control of the nation!

But still more dangerous to the cause of progress would be the supremacy of that uncultivated and impulsive portion of the community upon which the opposition party must chiefly rely in the elections of the North. It is well known that the Irish Catholics have been the most vigorous opponents of the administration. From their press have come the bitterest denunciations, the coarsest calumnies, that have been heaped upon its leaders. To save their own criminals in New York they have covered wise and prudent men with a cloud of defamation. Their hostility to the school-house and the teacher has been scarcely less injurious to the cause of good morals than that of the Southern Democracy. Their rule in the city of New York has been marked by all the dishonesty and the gross immorality of European capitals. Yet from this class have come the warmest congratulations to the leaders of the opposition movement. The *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, the chief organ of that Roman Catholic faction which is most violent in its denunciation of the public schools, is the first to support the nominations of the Cincinnati Convention. "The only wise course open to it"—the Democratic party—exclaims (May 9) this organ of infallibility, "will be to unite under the lead of GREELEY in relieving the country from the horrors of four years more of misrule under GRANT;" and a long list of the Irish Catholic papers might be easily reckoned up which are willing to join with their assault upon the public schools an assault upon the administration; which hope by the overthrow of GRANT to be enabled to check the advance of education, and hold their unhappy people in a willing bondage of ignorance and moral decay.

The party of reaction will not probably attract many German supporters. Touched by the eloquence of Senator SCHURZ, and alarmed by the ideal crimes which his vigorous fancy attributed to the national government, the German population was at first stirred with unusual emotion, and seemed prepared to rush into an extreme of political action. It would ally itself with the rebel faction at the South, always its bitterest foe and persecutor; it would join the Irish Catholic and the Jesuit, the chief enemies of the Fatherland; it would aid any party that would inflict dishonor upon the President who had once saved the Germans of Missouri and of Texas from the tyranny of the slave-holder, and who had preserved for the German emigrant the American Union. This unaccountable impulse has, we believe, in some measure passed away. The fierce exultation exhibited by the Jesuit faction in Germany and France when they heard that the Germans of America were joining with the reactionists of all kinds to shake the foundations of freedom in the New World may well check the movement. The good sense of our Teutonic population has sufficed to stop them. They are not inclined to enter upon new and dangerous courses. And we trust a more generous sentiment has aided in winning them back to the safer paths; that they have suddenly remembered that when Germany was assailed in the hot days of 1870 by the chosen troops of France, and the maledictions of the Pope and the council; when England looked on with doubtful neutrality, and Austria and Denmark with undisguised hope; when the Irish race, from Australia to St. Louis, cheered on the Napoleonic crusade, and every rebel in the South, every priest in the North, prayed fervently for the destruction of German unity and intelligence—the hand of President GRANT and his Union administration was alone stretched out to aid the kindred nation; that he extended the limits of neutrality even beyond its farthest bounds in order to save the German population of France from the rage of its foes. All through that hot and perilous summer the American minister at Paris and the American consuls in the various cities of France were instructed by the President and his cabinet to aid the exiled Germans. The offices of Mr. WASHBURNE were thronged incessantly with terrified groups seeking his passports to enable them to escape to the frontier. His assistants were overpowered with applications for aid and advice from the German population, which were never refused; the American consuls have recently been publicly thanked by the Emperor WILLIAM for the services they so cheerfully rendered; and Mr. WASHBURNE bears with the French extremists the honorable appellation of "the German spy." It is not likely, therefore, that our German population can be so far deluded as to continue much longer their alliance with their real foes, their hostility to their benefactors.

Not many of the colored population will probably be found in the ranks of the opposition. They, at least, know that the war has not ceased; that the strong interference of the government is still necessary to save their cottages and their school-houses from the lawless and brutal robbers of the South. To General GRANT they owe their release from perpetual slavery; to his vigorous policy that they are permitted to till their native soil in peace. But with regard to Mr. GREELEY they will probably remember that, while all his life a professed Abolitionist, yet on two occasions, if not oftener, he was willing to remand the whole colored population of the South back into a terrible bondage; that in 1860 he defended a peaceable secession, and in 1864 was anxious to negotiate a treaty that must have severed the Union, checked GRANT in his course of victory, and created a slave empire at the South that would now have hung, a menace of perpetual ruin, over the future of freedom. If



CHERRIES RIPE.

Mr. Greeley had succeeded in obtaining peace upon the dishonorable conditions which he then suggested that he, at least, was not unwilling to accept, miserable indeed would have been the fate of that oppressed people who are now the equals of their former masters in civil rights, their superiors in devotion to the common welfare. Nor has the cry of reform ever been uttered with more ludicrous insincerity than in the opposition movement. Never did evil spirits assume more awkwardly the guise of angels of light. The enemies of education, of progress, of good morals in the North, unite with their natural allies in the South to denounce the conduct of honest men, and attribute to the Union party the vices by which they themselves once fell! Decayed and desperate rebels assume the part of reformers; the men who have robbed the treasury of New York, and who are still at large, join in the cry; the Romish press enlarges upon the decay of public morals; even the Jesuitical journals of Germany and France lend aid to their brethren in America, celebrate its new reformers, and declaim against the administration. Of such a "rabble rout" has Mr. Greeley consented to become the leader. It is related that the ancient conjurers were often torn to pieces by the evil spirits they had evoked by their spells: it is plain that any honest man who ventures into the motley crowd of the opposition will be in serious danger. An opposition President would be the victim, if he was not the accomplice, of his followers. On the one side he would be assailed by the fierce clamor of the Romish faction for the destruction of popular education; on the other by the secret or open plots of his rebel allies against the Union men and the colored population of the South.

For four years, under the rule of the great Union party and of President Grant, the nation has known unexampled repose. The dangerous consequences of the suppressed rebellion are slowly passing away. The men who burned school-houses in Mississippi, or who tortured innocent citizens in the Carolinas, have been restrained; the Southern States are being opened to immigration and to knowledge; an honest and economical administration has reduced taxation, revived credit, and spread unprecedented prosperity from ocean to ocean. The military force has been diminished beyond example; the American Union is the teacher of peace. Instead of wild visions of foreign conquest, of political agitation, or of dangerous combinations of decaying factions, the minds of sensible men seem turning to the only questions of real importance—how to educate the whole people, how to eradicate the causes of political and moral decay. Under the administration of President Grant every sincere movement toward reform has been successfully fostered, for he avows himself a learner, anxious only to consult the wishes and the welfare of the people. And the great Union party—the party of progress—will once more rally around their faithful servant, as they rallied to his aid at Vicksburg and Richmond, will continue for another term of office the power he has so well employed, and win for the nation four years more of rational reform.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 20, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of Harper's Magazine *will be commenced a* new novel *by* Charles Reade, *entitled* "A Simpleton: a Story of the Day."

A new novel by Wilkie Collins *will also be commenced in the October Number of the* Magazine.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* Harper's Magazine *from the commencement of* Charles Reade's *story, in the August Number*, 1872, *to the close of the Volume ending with November*, 1873—*making* Sixteen Numbers—for Four Dollars.

WHY "THE SOUTH" SUPPORTS MR. GREELEY.

One of the most common arguments in favor of the election of Mr. Greeley is that it will reconcile the South. It is time, we are told, that the war should be forgotten, and the people of the Southern States made to feel that they are brethren. Come, then, cries the Sage, let us clasp hands over the bloody chasm—and lift me into the White House! Simultaneously with this cry we see that Beauregard, Wade Hampton, Raphael Semmes, and other well-known late Confederate chiefs declare for Mr. Greeley. The Virginia Convention elects Fitz Hugh Lee, Bradley Johnson, Robert Ould, John B. Baldwin, Thomas S. Bocock, and others—all of them conspicuous military and civil officers during the rebellion—delegates to Baltimore. In the city of Baltimore the First Greeley Club of Maryland is addressed by Colonel Harry Gilmore, the leader of the rebel raid around that city, and Colonel Yerger, of most lamentable fame in connection with the Georgia assassination. Beriah Magoffin, of Kentucky, who defied President Lincoln's proclamation, pronounces for Mr. Greeley; and ex-Governor Vance, of North Carolina, tells the story of "Old Grimes," and declares that, if it be in the hymn-book, it must be sung; that Mr. Greeley, nominated at Baltimore, must be supported as the regular Democratic candidate.

Now what we are all concerned to know is the significance of this Southern support of Mr. Greeley. Four years ago the support of these same persons, given to Mr. Seymour, who was then the regular Democratic candidate, was the argument most strongly urged against him by Mr. Greeley, the present Democratic candidate. If that support, then, was an argument against the success of the Democratic party, is it less so now? It was then said, as it is now, that the Republican policy toward the South was harsh and cruel, and that the success of the Democrats would be the earnest of fraternity and peace, and would reconcile the South. But in what way was it to do it? By restoring to power the political party to which the leaders of the rebellion had always belonged. And that was the very reason why Mr. Seymour was defeated. The loyal American people did not believe that Democratic success, or an Administration elected by Democrats, was the true method of conciliation. For they knew that a Democratic "conciliation of the South" meant the modification and repeal of the Republican policy. And in that they saw only confusion and danger.

Is this situation changed because the candidate is different? Not at all. It is not fraternity, nor reconciliation, nor unity which the representative Southern leaders desire. They wish power; and their way to power is the success of the Democratic party. The Southern support is given to Mr. Greeley because he is the Democratic candidate, not because he represents an abstract policy of fraternity and reconciliation. The speech of Governor Vance shows the exact Southern position. He says that "the South," meaning the late rebels, have an earnest desire to forget the bitterness of the past, and that the Cincinnati Convention has proved that a large body of its former enemies are desirous of shaking hands; therefore, he says, the South will cheerfully support Mr. Greeley—*if the Baltimore Convention nominates him!* Precisely. It is not Cincinnati, it is not Greeley, it is not fraternity, etc., it is the regular Democratic candidate, that they propose to support. If there were three candidates in the field—General Grant, Mr. Greeley, and a "straight" Democrat, regularly nominated—does any body suppose that Governor Vance and Wade Hampton and Beriah Magoffin and Harry Gilmore and Yerger and Beauregard and Raphael Semmes, or those whose sentiments they represent, would vote for Greeley and Republican fraternity and reconciliation rather than for the "straight" Democrat?

Let us look at facts, not sentimental theories. The desire of "the South"—in Governor Vance's sense—is to shake hands with the loyal North by securing a Democratic return to power, because the Democratic party opposed the war and the settlements of the war, and while it "acquiesces," does not believe.

Mr. Wade Hampton, for instance, has always represented the most perilous element in this country. But he is a man of courage, character, and convictions. He has not changed since his attendance upon the Tammany Convention in 1868, which nominated Horatio Seymour and Frank Blair. He supports Mr. Greeley in '72 for the same reason that he supported Mr. Seymour in '68; not because he is anxious for what is called reconciliation, but because he wishes power. And if it were otherwise, what then? If these gentlemen had abandoned their theories of the government, had conquered the feelings of their defeat, and had acquiesced in the settlement of the Union, do they represent influences which it is desirable to introduce into the administration? Are they more devoted to the principles to which they yield than those who have always maintained them? Are they more likely to protect the colored citizen, to pay the debt honorably, to keep the peace with foreign powers, than the Republicans? In the minority they are valuable; in the majority they would be dangerous.

The sectional aspect of our politics is deplored by every good citizen. But it is the result of circumstances for which we to-day are not responsible, and it is not to be remedied arbitrarily, mechanically, or sentimentally. Reconciliation will not result from taking the control of the government from New England, the Middle States, and the Northwest, and giving it to the Southern and border States. The power must remain where it is, because there the principles of the new Union are a living faith; and that power must be exercised with exact regard for "equal justice." This must be demanded. But if it is not to be expected of Republicans, who are intelligent and believe in the policy of equal rights, still less is it to be expected of Democrats, whose traditions despise equality. If there have been laws that seem hard, it is because in the presence of the great organized Democratic party at the North in alliance with "the South" the equality of all citizens could not otherwise be secured. The final defeat and dissolution of the Democratic party at this election will open the way for a perfect and friendly reconciliation. For it will show "the South"—by which we mean a sentiment rather than any persons—and nothing else can show it, that old things have passed away. "The South" will not believe it as long as the present Democratic party exists. And therefore the success of that party, whether its candidate be Horace Greeley or Governor Vance, would merely open a vista of endless confusion, doubt, and peril.

RECONSTRUCTION.

It is the present policy of the New York *Tribune*, in its support of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency, to take the Democratic tone in speaking of reconstruction. It says that the chief offices in the Southern States "were the prizes of conquest that fell by right to the disbanded army, and the Southern people were to be treated as idiots and children who must be taken care of by their betters......The reconstruction and disfranchisement laws had all been framed under similar principles. The educated and experienced men of the South had been carefully excluded from places of trust," etc.

Now whatever the reconstruction laws were, they were zealously supported by the *Tribune;* and when, for his plain intention of thwarting the will of Congress in regard to the late rebel States, Andrew Johnson was impeached, no paper in the country was more indecently clamorous for his conviction than the *Tribune*, which did not hesitate virtually to charge Senator Trumbull with being bribed, sneered at Senator Fessenden, and compared Senator Grimes, one of the justest and purest of men, to Judas Iscariot receiving his thirty pieces. And last year, when the Ku-Klux laws, as they are called, were passed—laws of which "the South," that is, the late rebel element, complains most bitterly—the editor of the *Tribune*, Mr. Horace Greeley, said: "I therefore, on every proper occasion, advocated and justified the Ku-Klux act. I hold it especially desirable for the South; and if it does not prove strong enough to effect its purpose, I hope it will be made stronger and stronger." And the *Tribune* in May, 1870, said of the same act: "The law applies only to Presidential and Congressional elections, though we heartily wish it could be made to apply to all others." If the laws of which "the South" now complains are harsh and cruel, they are, nevertheless, laws for which, within its sphere, the New York *Tribune* is as responsible as Congress.

The facts in regard to the reconstruction laws are well known. There were two theories upon which they might have been founded. The late rebels might have been authorized to reconstruct their States; or Congress might have decided who should vote, and under what conditions. The latter course was adopted, and for the reason that it was perfectly evident that the power, exclusively confided to the white population, would be abused. Equal suffrage was a necessity. But there was nothing vindictive, cruel, or unjust in the laws as adopted. Indeed, not the least glory of the Republican party is its settlement of the results of the war which it had so triumphantly conducted and closed. It is charged with the unhappiness of much of the Southern section, but only as it was charged with deluging the South with blood. The responsibility of the war did not rest with the Republican party; nor is it guilty of the misfortunes that have followed. The black codes, the treachery of Andrew Johnson, the dangerous attitude of the Democratic party at the North, taught the necessity of vigorous and radical measures. But they were never revengeful; and as late as 1867 Thaddeus Stevens exclaimed, despondingly, "The punishment of traitors has been wholly ignored by a treacherous Executive and by a sluggish Congress."

There has been no man in that section criminally punished for a political offense; the equal suffrage of which complaint is made was necessitated by the conduct of those who make the complaint; the disfranchisement of certain classes was temporary, and to-day, with the exception of a few scores of chief rebels who are ineligible to office—an exception which has always seemed to us unwise—the people in the Southern States are upon an absolute equality with those in the other parts of the country. There is no hostile feeling upon the part of the Republican party toward any class in the Southern States; but there is a very profound conviction that the highest welfare of every part of the country requires that the government should still remain under the control of those who saved it. Equality being secured, the great necessity of the Southern section is tranquillity and stability, that industry may revive and prosper. To this end, also, Republican success is essential. A Democratic victory would imperil not only the tranquillity and stability, but the equality also.

RUNNING FOR LUCK.

It is interesting to observe what a mere running for luck the Greeley campaign is in the estimation of those who support that gentleman. They speak of him personally in a tone of badinage or derision which it is astounding that men should use of a candidate for whom they propose to vote for President. "We'll sing him through, if it kills us," says Governor Vance, and that is the almost universal tone. He gives his faith to those who fawn upon him to use him, says Mr. Samuel Bowles, in the interval of cheering for "honest old Horace." "Some of the worst men in the country have donned white hats, and are hurrahing lustily for Greeley," remarks the same gentleman, intent upon "reform" and purity of administration. "It is true, also, within our own knowledge," says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, which warmly supports Mr. Greeley, "that some of the worst men in this community, those who have lived and fattened upon public plunder, and are notorious schemers to empty the pockets of the many into the hands of the few, are Greeley men...... And Boss Tweed is a Greeley man." The *Commercial*, however, does not agree with its ally, Mr. Bowles, that Mr. Greeley will be controlled by the bosses. But could any thing be more comical than the grave assertion that reform is sure, or in the least degree probable, from a party which attracts such elements?

Governor Randolph, of New Jersey, also, who has been the leader of the anti-Greeley Democracy in this neighborhood, has given us his theory of Mr. Greeley and the movement. The Democratic stampede having become irresistible, Governor Randolph joins it, and says that if the Democratic party can win with Mr. Greeley, it is, indeed, absurd, but it must be done. The Governor alludes, as all Democratic orators are obliged to do, to St. Paul and his conversion; but he thinks that Greeley, nominated at Baltimore, is the regular Democratic candidate, and if elected, he may, indeed, have the place, but the power will be with those who elect him—that is, the Democratic party. And at last the Sage himself, who some months ago prepared himself for nomination by saying that his paper had ceased to be a party organ—that is, a Republican party organ—now writes that, if elected, he will treat all who support him alike, "not asking whether they had been in the past Republicans or Democrats." The only credential in the Greeley civil service will be Greeleyism.

This movement, so interpreted, so composed, is offered to the American people as a regeneration and elevation of the government. If we ask why those who describe the Greeley partisans in the manner that we have cited support their candidate, we are told that there are Grant scalawags also. Is that an answer? Suppose that there is somewhere a dull preacher who puts the congregation to sleep. A reform party, with a fine flourish of phrases, brings in another incumbent, who not only puts the congregation to sleep, but to snoring. "Is this reform or improvement?" asks somebody. "Why! doesn't the old minister put every body to sleep too?" And that is meant for a triumphant answer. Or again, it is asked whether Governor Randolph is not right in saying that the election of Mr. Greeley by the Democratic party will be a Democratic success; and if that will be more a reform now than it would have been four years ago. To which it is answered that the Democratic leaders expressly declare that what they chiefly care for is not the success of their party, but peace and harmony and fraternity and economy and simplicity and purity and virtue in general, and that to obtain these excellent things they are willing to take a candidate who was formerly opposed to them. What a heavenly disposition! There was a time when the Sage of Chappaqua, hearing such a reply, would have mildly observed, "You lie, you villains! you lie!"

The Greeley party is composed of various elements, chief of which is the Democracy. Each is intent upon its own object, and they all agree in nothing but the effort to defeat General Grant under the cry of reform. The reform is begun, and its character illustrated by the most reckless and absurd slanders upon the President and every body who supports him. Even a man and a Republican like Judge Hoar is not safe from the deliberate misrepresentation of the Gree-

LEY "reformers." Every act of the Government is belied and distorted, and it is evidently hoped that the vehement reiteration of lies will somehow establish their truth. A disreputable adventurer who had foisted himself into office could not be more scornfully denounced by the "reformers" than the President of the United States—a man whose services to his country are so immense, whose purpose is so patriotic, and whose administration has been, upon the whole, so satisfactory. "Reform" so sought; the "reform" which certain Republicans only too well known demand; the "reform" which the spirit of the Ku-Klux favors; the "reform" which the regular Democratic Convention, in concert with the late Tammany Ring, supports—is a "reform" which the honest and loyal American people will spew out of their mouths.

CHANGE, NOT REFORM.

THE true character of the political situation becomes clearer as the campaign progresses. In his speech to the Convention at Cincinnati Mr. SCHURZ said: "I earnestly deprecate the cry we have heard so frequently, 'Any body to beat GRANT.' There is something more wanted than to beat GRANT. Not any body who might by cheap popularity, or by astute bargains and combinations, or by all the tricks of political wire-pulling, manage to scrape together votes enough to be elected President, is enough......We don't want a mere change of persons in the administration of the government." Thus Mr. SCHURZ demanded nominations where success would be the earnest not of change merely, but of reform, and the support of which would found a great reforming party. He meant this, or he meant nothing.

But in his letter to the Illinois Convention at the end of June he says that to insure reform "it is necessary......that the present Administration be defeated in its efforts to continue in power, and that thus a free field be opened for a reformatory movement." The note is changed. It is no longer that the success of the Cincinnati nominations will secure reform, but that it will clear the field for a further movement that may. That is to say, the election of Mr. GREELEY will destroy both the existing parties, and then we'll try to do something better. Let us reduce every thing to chaos, and then see if we can't make a cosmos. "If I can only throw the patient into fits, I can cure her," said the doctor, "because I am death on fits."

The truth is that Mr. SCHURZ sees with the rest of us that Mr. GREELEY is precisely the man he was not thinking of in his Cincinnati speech; but he does not see so plainly as others that the nomination of Mr. GREELEY is the proof that the Cincinnati Convention was not inspired by the convictions or the purposes of Mr. SCHURZ. It was a nomination which necessarily depended for success upon the Democratic party; and unless Mr. SCHURZ believed that the Democratic party, by its history, by its traditions, by its composition, offered the best security of reform, it was idle to pretend to accept Mr. GREELEY as the representative of the feeling which produced the Cincinnati Convention. Mr. SCHURZ sat silent in bitter disappointment for seven weeks; and when he spoke at the Fifth Avenue Conference, and when he wrote his Illinois letter, he said, merely, "Well, let us beat GRANT anyhow, and hope for something better."

Thus, by his own confession, the election is a contest between the Republican administration, tendency, and traditions, on the one side, and absolute confusion and vague expectation upon the other. Mr. SCHURZ reduces the question to a simple alternative; and we ask, and ask again—and there is no answer—upon what ground is it supposed that an Administration elected by Democrats, discontented Republicans, and the late rebels will be a more patriotic, honest, economical, and wise Administration than one elected by Republicans? Grant that the Northern and Southern Democrats have acquiesced in the results of the war, does that acquiescence make them more trustworthy than those who have always accepted the principles and obtained those results? Grant that there are abuses of administration, can you expect greater purity of the Democrats than of the Republicans?

If there were a great principle at issue, as there was in '60 and '64 and '68, such questions would be less relevant. But when it is conceded by those who lead the Democratic column that their cry is honest and economical administration, the question which they can not answer is why the success of a host composed of the elements that make up the GREELEY party should be held to promise greater economy or a higher honesty or surer reform than that of the Republicans. It is no reply to say that we know how bad GRANT is, but we can't tell how bad GREELEY may be; for that is merely to say that no chance can be so fatal as the certainty of GRANT—a view which is taken by the most violent of Southerners, but by no sane person. To such random talk it is quite enough to say that the certainty of GRANT, were it twentyfold worse than is alleged, would be infinitely preferable to the uncertainty of GREELEY. Mr. SCHURZ began by demanding reform, and in the second month of the canvass he declares himself content with change. At Cincinnati he spurned the cry of "Any body to beat GRANT." In Illinois he says, "Let's beat GRANT with any body, and trust to luck."

POOR BOSTON!

IT is evident that New York will never forgive Boston. The offense is not so much in what Boston says or does, as in the fact of being at all. Three years ago there was a colossal, a mammoth concert in Boston. There were huge choruses of many thousand voices, an immense orchestra, and remarkable solo singers and performers. It was a prodigious affair, and naturally called by a prodigious name. It was the World's Peace Jubilee, or something of the kind. There was great excitement; a great deal of money was made; and we have never heard of any one who was present who did not agree that it was a very imposing and delightful occasion. We in New York made great fun of it. The anvils, the church-bells, and the rest of the effects seemed to our purer and more classical taste mere humbug, just as a reform of the civil service seems an immense humbug to statesmen of a severe political morality, like General BUTLER and Senator CARPENTER. Presently a "musical festival" of the mammoth kind was tried in New York. We all remember it. What a success! Poor Boston!

And this year, in the very face of our contemptuous disapproval of the loud noise of three years ago, Boston has had the temerity to undertake a series of concerts upon a still larger scale. Of course nothing remained for us but to treat it with deserved reprobation. To be sure, there was a most imposing chorus—and there were some of the very finest bands in the world, and many of the performances were confessedly most impressive—but pooh! what then? What's Boston? And for half a month we employed ourselves in pshawing the ridiculous Bostonians, who ought to go and drown themselves in their Frog Pond—Frog Pond! he, he!—and so have the world well rid of a nuisance. How Boston must be writhing under the keen edge of our ridicule! How incisive it is! How delicate! What is the use of Boston? It is all made of Greek dictionary, moral ideas, and east wind! Peace Jubilee; peace fiddlestick! Boston isn't large enough to hold a great concert. If it wants music or manners, or generous, friendly, and candid criticism, let it come to New York—first washing its face in its Frog Pond. Poor Boston!

THE LAST CHANCE OF TAMMANY.

THE removal of Judge M'CUNN from the judicial bench by a unanimous vote of the Senate of New York will serve to show the country that the reform movement of last autumn, although perplexed by much of the action of the Legislature, has not yet been wholly defeated. It began by the vigorous and unsparing exposures of the New York *Times*, which struck at the heart and source of the corruption in the Tammany Ring, of which TWEED, SWEENY, CONNOLLY, and HALL were the chiefs. The power of the Ring was apparently absolute. It cajoled, corrupted, and terrified opposition. It held the Governor of New York in a leash. It bought the Legislature. It owned judges, and sold injustice for a price. It surrounded itself with ostentatious luxury, to which it compelled reluctant citizens to contribute, and then published their names as its willing slaves. It ordered its Legislature to pass a law forcibly silencing the independent press, and prepared to take possession of the government of the United States by means of money and fraud, upon condition that its agent should be nominated. By the worst of means the Tammany Ring had such absolute sway in the great city, and through the city in the great State of the Union, that thoughtful men despaired of popular government, and patriots could see little hope of escape but in revolution.

The defeat of the Ring at the polls was one of the most significant events in the history of free governments. The assault was led by a newspaper, the New York *Times*, and the victory was one of the most beneficent triumphs of the press. The Ring candidates were peacefully defeated. Its chief, TWEED, was, indeed, elected Senator, but he did not dare to appear in the seat in which he had been dictator only the year before. His confederates, excepting HALL, were driven by public opinion from their offices. Many of them were indicted, and, except for a lingering influence of the Ring, would have been punished. The club in which they reveled was broken up. The judges upon whom they chiefly relied were impeached. One resigned to escape removal, another has been removed, and the third awaits his trial. The defeat of the Tammany Ring, if it can be made permanent, will be one of the crowning mercies in our history.

But there is one hope for it. There is one chance which it instinctively seized, and which it is improving to the utmost. That is the success of the Cincinnati ticket. The Ring was the most powerful organization in the Democratic party. If that party were finally defeated and dissolved, the Ring would be hopelessly broken. With all its old shrewdness, therefore, it clutched the chance of saving its party. "Hardly any where," says the Springfield *Republican*, which supports Mr. GREELEY—"hardly any where has his nomination commanded more demonstrative favor or a more zealous support than among those New York politicians of both parties who whilom sat at the feet of Mr. TWEED and ran at his beck."

It is true. The GREELEY nomination was first vociferously welcomed by "the worst men in the country," as the same paper remarks. The especial henchmen of TWEED, the parasites and creatures and tools of the Tammany Ring, were its earliest, as they are still its most ardent, advocates, and with these the Springfield *Republican*, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and the Chicago *Tribune*, every one of which deplored that nomination, now fall into line, and, marshaled by TWEED and HALL, and surrounded by the cheers of Tammany repeaters and bruisers, they announce that they propose to make war upon rings and purify the government! They clasp hands cheerfully with the most notorious and corrupt body of men ever known in the country, but are shocked and scandalized that there should be some questionable collector or doubtful postmaster any where in the country! The gnats choke them, but the camels are a most manageable morsel.

POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS.

A RECENT dispatch in the New York *Evening Post* says:

> "The Republican National Executive Committee are procuring the names of various office-holders throughout the country, from whom, in a short time, they will ask contributions of money to help carry on the Presidential campaign. *The civil service rules prohibit an assessment of office-holders for political purposes, but permit contributions to be solicited.*"

It is useless, of course, to try to correct every misstatement which is made upon this subject. But it is perhaps worth while to dispose of this one, and to remind our readers that the other reports of the kind which they see in the papers have no more foundation.

The civil service rule is as follows:

> "No head of a department nor any subordinate officer of the government shall, as such officer, authorize or permit or assist in levying any assessment of money for political purposes, *under the form of voluntary contribution* or otherwise, upon any person employed under his control, nor shall any such person pay any money so assessed."

The President has no power over the National Republican Committee. If that body chooses to ask officers of the government to contribute to the expenses of an election, the President can not help it. All that he can do is to inform such officers that if they are asked to contribute, and decline, they shall not for that reason be removed. And that he has done. He certainly does not say that they shall not contribute if they choose, for the very object of the rule is to leave to the office-holder precisely the same discretion upon the subject which every other citizen has.

Of course no rule, and no wording and no explanation of a rule, would satisfy those who have made up their minds that the President's course upon this subject is a ridiculous blind. This explanation is respectfully dedicated only to those who wish to know the truth.

PERSONAL.

THE Methodists of Baltimore and vicinity, appreciating the integrity, the courage, and the persistency exhibited by the Rev. Dr. LANAHAN in ferreting out and exposing the frauds perpetrated by employés of the Methodist Book Concern, are making arrangements to give him a public reception on his return to Baltimore.

—The journalists of the country who visited Boston during the Jubilee are unanimous in awarding the highest commendation to JAMES R. OSGOOD, Esq., chairman of the Press Committee, for the admirable manner in which every thing that could tend to their convenience and comfort was planned and most successfully executed. Some six hundred seats were set apart for the journalists; and when the fiery character of the fraternity is considered, together with their proverbial talent for criticism, it is quite remarkable that Mr. OSGOOD should have had the good fortune to please them all.

—Speaking of Mr. DISRAELI, the London *Daily News*, in commenting on his conduct during the *Alabama* negotiations, pays him the following tribute: "We do not suppose that Mr. DISRAELI would grieve very deeply if any blunders in the conduct of the American negotiations should open the way to his return to power; but it is only fair to him to admit that he has never shown in himself, nor encouraged in his followers, any disposition to embarrass the conduct of affairs for any merely factious purpose. Mr. DISRAELI has always shown, both by seasonable speech and by timely silence, a strong and operative sense of the value not only of peace and a diplomatically good understanding between England and the United States, but of a cordial and friendly feeling between the two nations. During the great struggle which terminated eight years ago not a single angry or slighting word escaped his lips; and the spirit which animated him during the war has evidently actuated him during the diplomatic controversies of the past five months."

—When old JOHN HARPER, the Kentuckian, brought his horses to Long Branch he had a white jockey, who soon became intimate with turfmen, and drank and smoked with them. He was a general favorite. When the old gentleman saw the company he kept, among whom were certain Tammany sports, he telegraphed for his colored jockey, JOHN SAMPLE, who rode Longfellow and Lexington. When the bell rang for the riders to mount, the white boy came out. Apparently not noticing him, Uncle JOHN told the darky to step on the scales. Finding he weighed one pound too much, he made him run round the track and sweat the extra pound away. The experiment was successful, and the darky won the race. It is said that while the white boy is richer by several hundred dollars, some politicians are of the opinion that they threw some money away very carelessly. They think JOHN HARPER is too smart for the New York boys.

—Mr. GLADSTONE is said to be greatly worried by the *Alabama* matters and his insecure tenure of office. His style of speaking deteriorates every day. He has grown more full of words than ever, and what with his irrepressible fluency, his natural tendency to *finesse* and casuistry, and his really not well knowing what he ought to say at the present crisis, it has become hardly possible to understand what he means or is talking about half the time. He has adopted, too, of late, in wrath and scorn of his opponents, an extraordinary sort of stage laugh, ever so much more natural than life, with which he opens his reply to any challenge. "Really, Mr. Speaker—ha, ha, ha!"—his frame apparently shaking with scornful mirth—"I feel some difficulty—ha, ha, ha!—in answering such a question as that—ha, ha, ha!—of the honorable gentleman." And so on.

—In the Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 1st inst., at the head of the money article, it is stated that "This day, thirty-two years ago, the *Ledger* contained its first article under the head of 'The Money Market.' The same heading has been continued daily in each successive issue of the paper since, and the hand that penned that article furnishes this, and has steadily, *and without intermission of a single day* on which the paper was printed, furnished the matter under that particular heading." This makes the money man of the *Ledger* the Dean of his corps, as he has proved himself one of its most competent members.

—General STEPHEN A. HURLBURT, the Republican nominee for Congress from the Elgin district, Illinois, now represented by General FARNSWORTH, is at present United States minister to Bogota. He was a successful general during the war, and is a brother of Mr. WILLIAM HENRY HURLBURT, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the country.

—Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT has already forwarded 1700 volumes to the Cumington Library, toward the erection of which he has given $12,000. He will duplicate the number of volumes when the building is ready for them.

—ISAAC PARKER, brother of the late Rev. THEODORE PARKER, died recently in Lexington, Massachusetts. In early life he delighted in being a stage-driver, and "tooled his team" between Waltham and Boston with circumspection and regularity. He was one of the good stage-drivers, and the Rev. THEODORE P. used to make honorable mention of him in his pulpit discourses.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Indian tribes beyond the Rocky Mountains are reported to be organizing their forces for another war upon the whites.

Four "striking" cabinet-makers in this city were sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for assaulting a fellow-workman because he refused to join them.

The New York and Brooklyn Schützen corps sent strong delegations by the steamer *Deutschland* to compete in the Fourth German National Sharp-shooting Festival, to be held in Hanover this month.

A pistol scene during the performance of a farce in a Washington theatre resulted rather seriously. The ramrod having been left in the barrel, one of the actors was shot in the head, and dangerously wounded.

The weather during the past few days was intolerably hot. In this city the thermometer indicated 100 degrees in the shade, and many persons were fatally stricken by the sun.

Mr. Jay Gould has been sued by the Erie Railroad Company for $10,000,000, which he is charged with having embezzled as an officer of the road.

The United States national debt was reduced $2,000,000 during the month of June.

A terrible accident happened in a coal mine at Lunaville, Ohio, recently, by which nine men and a boy were smothered to death.

Several police captains of this city were tried by the Commissioners last week for allowing Sunday processions with music in the streets of their precincts. It was shown, however, that they misunderstood the law, and they were accordingly excused.

Ex-Judge John H. M'Cunn, lately removed from the Superior Court, died at his residence in this city, July 6.

FOREIGN NEWS.

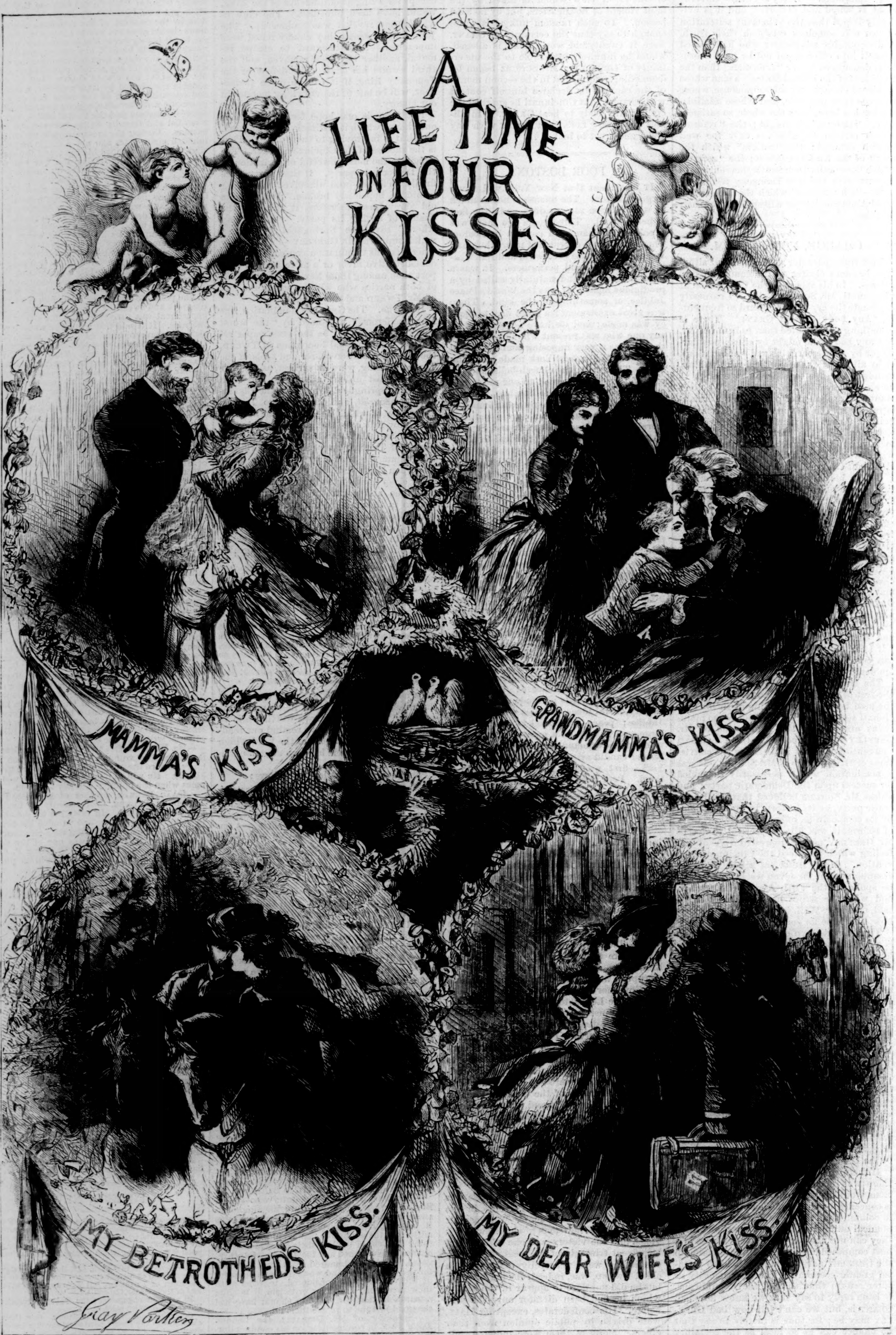
THE treaty providing for the evacuation of French territory by the Germans has been signed and ratified.

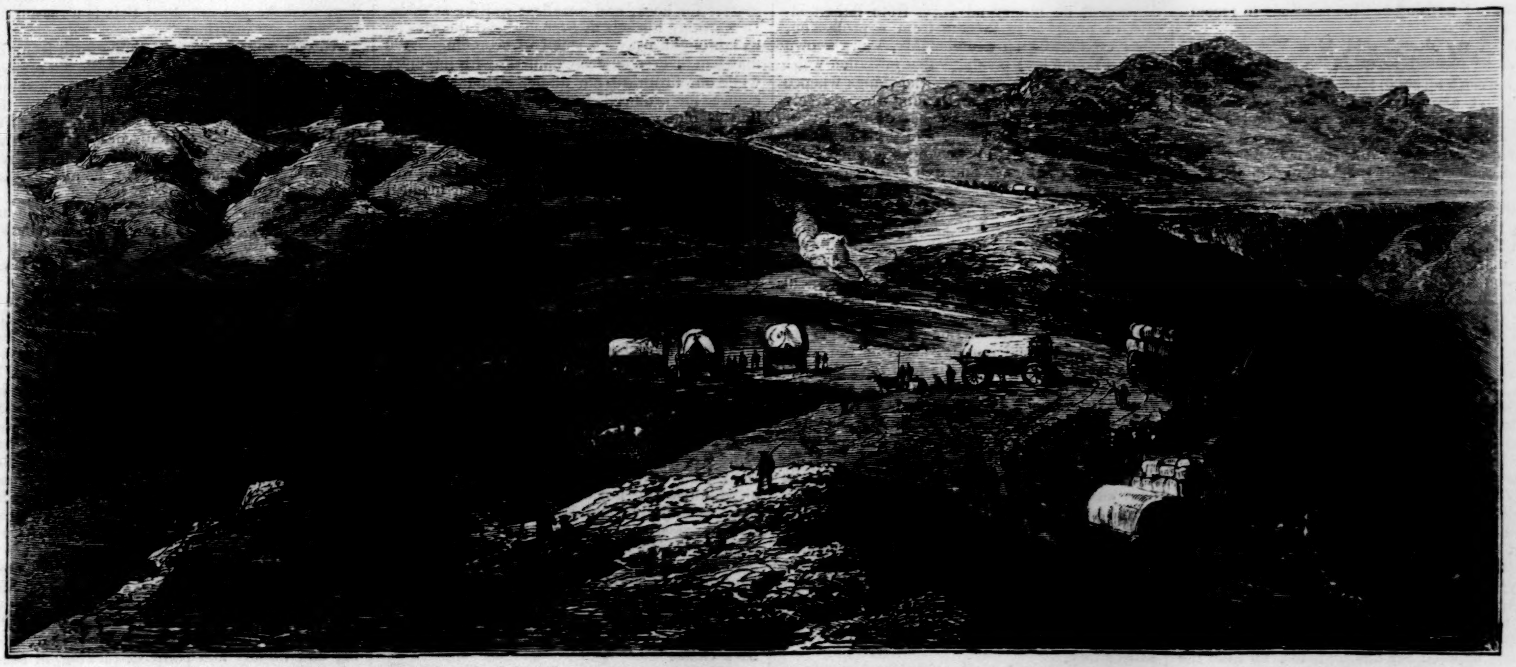
The free-traders in the French National Assembly are confident of defeating the bill providing for a tax upon raw materials, which creates intense excitement now in France.

The Spanish insurrection still shows some signs of life. A band of insurgents made an attempt to enter the town of Tarragona, but were repulsed with the loss of their leader, Cabecilla.

In a recent engagement the Cuban revolutionists killed fifty Spanish soldiers.

Constantinople is again in flames. One thousand dwellings in the poorer portion of the city have been destroyed, and at latest advices the fire was still unchecked.


A LIFE TIME IN FOUR KISSES
MAMMA'S KISS
GRANDMAMMA'S KISS.
MY BETROTHED'S KISS.
MY DEAR WIFE'S KISS.
Gray Parker



THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA—ON THE ROAD FROM NATAL.—[See Pages 568–569.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

BOOK IV.

THREE LOVE PROBLEMS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"'Tis strange to see the humors of these men,
These great aspiring spirits, that should be wise:

* * * * * * *

For being the nature of great spirits to love
To be where they may be most eminent;
They, rating of themselves so farre above
Us in conceit, with whom they do frequent,
Imagine how we wonder and esteeme
All that they do or say; which makes them strive
To make our admiration more extreme,
Which they suppose they can not, 'less they give
Notice of their extreme and highest thoughts."
—Daniel: *Tragedy of Philotas.*

Mr. Vincy went home from the reading of the will with his point of view considerably changed in relation to many subjects. He was an open-minded man, but given to indirect modes of expressing himself: when he was disappointed in a market for his silk braids, he swore at the groom; when his brother-in-law Bulstrode had vexed him, he made cutting remarks on Methodism; and it was now apparent that he regarded Fred's idleness with a sudden increase of severity, by his throwing an embroidered cap out of the smoking-room on to the hall floor.

"Well, Sir," he observed, when that young gentleman was moving off to bed, "I hope you've made up your mind now to go up next term and pass your examination. I've taken my resolution, so I advise you to lose no time in taking yours."

Fred made no answer: he was too utterly depressed. Twenty-four hours ago he had thought that instead of needing to know what he should do, he should by this time know that he needed to do nothing: that he should hunt in pink, have a first-rate hunter, ride to cover on a fine hack, and be generally respected for doing so; moreover, that he should be able at once to pay Mr. Garth, and that Mary could no longer have any reason for not marrying him. And all this was to have come without study or other inconvenience, purely by the favor of Providence in the shape of an old gentleman's caprice. But now, at the end of the twenty-four hours, all those firm expectations were upset. It was "rather hard lines" that while he was smarting under this disappointment he should be treated as if he could have helped it. But he went away silently, and his mother pleaded for him.

"Don't be hard on the poor boy, Vincy. He'll turn out well yet, though that wicked man has deceived him. I feel as sure as I sit here, Fred will turn out well—else why was he brought back from the brink of the grave? And I call it a robbery: it was like giving him the land, to promise it; and what is promising, if making every body believe is not promising? And you see he did leave him ten thousand pounds, and then took it away again."

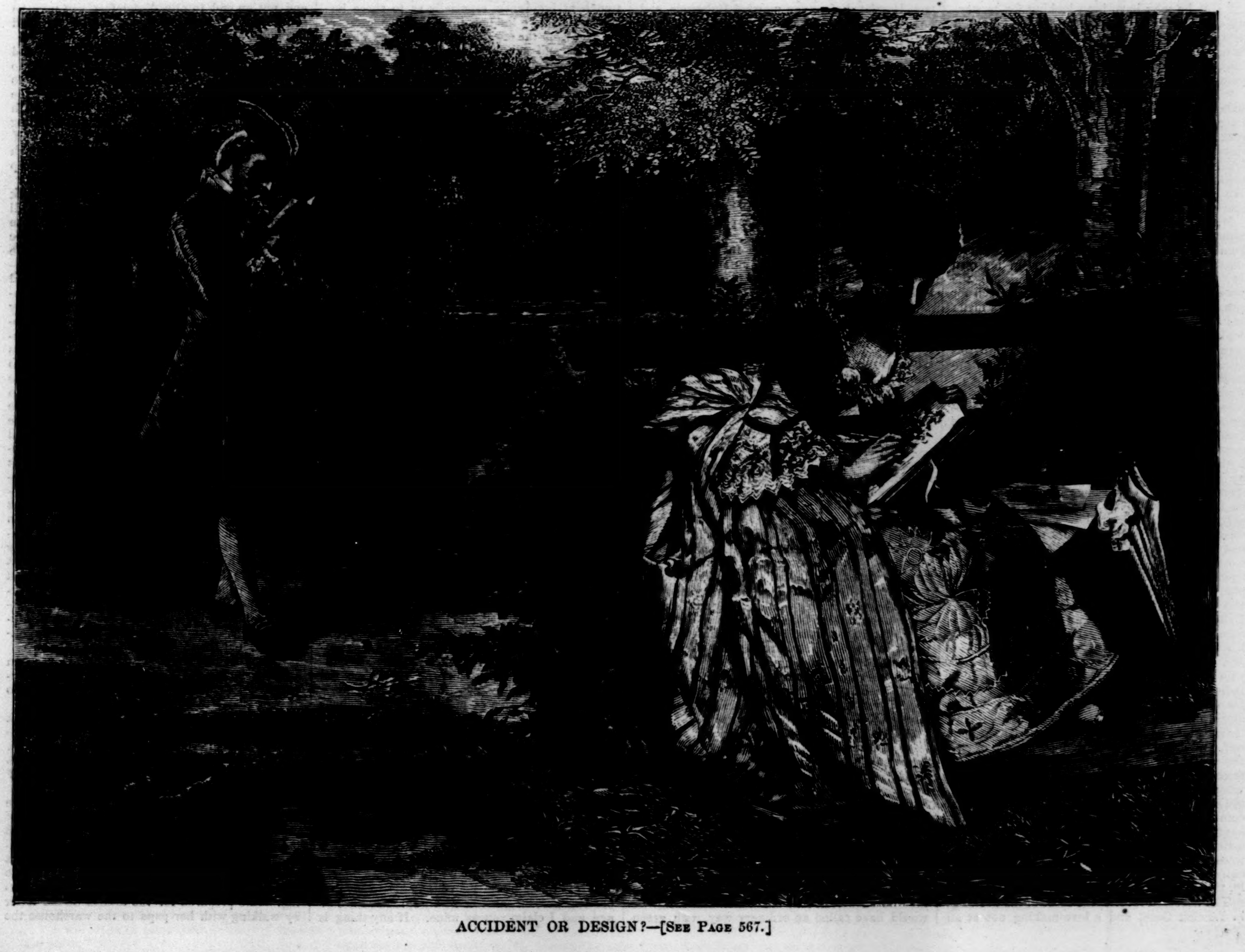
"Took it away again!" said Mr. Vincy, pettishly. "I tell you the lad's an unlucky lad, Lucy. And you've always spoiled him."

"Well, Vincy, he was my first, and you made a fine fuss with him when he came. You were as proud as proud," said Mrs. Vincy, easily recovering her cheerful smile.

"Who knows what babies will turn to? I was fool enough, I dare say," said the husband—more mildly, however.

"But who has handsomer, better children than ours? Fred is far beyond other people's sons: you may hear it in his speech that he has kept college company. And Rosamond—where is there a girl like her? She might stand beside any lady in the land, and only look the better for it. You see—Mr. Lydgate has kept the highest company and been every where, and he fell in love with her at once. Not but what I could have wished Rosamond had not engaged herself. She might have met somebody on a visit who would have been a far better match; I mean at her school-fellow Miss Willoughby's. There are relations in that family quite as high as Mr. Lydgate's."

"Damn relations!" said Mr. Vincy; "I've had enough of them. I don't want a son-in-law



ACCIDENT OR DESIGN?—[See Page 567.]

who has got nothing but his relations to recommend him."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Vincy, "you seemed as pleased as could be about it. It's true, I wasn't at home; but Rosamond told me you hadn't a word to say against the engagement. And she has begun to buy in the best linen and cambric for her under-clothing."

"Not by my will," said Mr. Vincy. "I shall have enough to do this year, with an idle scamp of a son, without paying for wedding-clothes. The times are as tight as can be; every body is being ruined; and I don't believe Lydgate has got a farthing. I sha'n't give my consent to their marrying. Let 'em wait, as their elders have done before 'em."

"Rosamond will take it hard, Vincy, and you know you never could bear to cross her."

"Yes, I could. The sooner the engagement's off the better. I don't believe he'll ever make an income, the way he goes on. He makes enemies; that's all I hear of his making."

"But he stands very high with Mr. Bulstrode, my dear. The marriage would please *him*, I should think."

"Please the deuce!" said Mr. Vincy. "Bulstrode won't pay for their keep. And if Lydgate thinks I'm going to give money for them to set up housekeeping, he's mistaken, that's all. I expect I shall have to put down my horses soon. You'd better tell Rosy what I say."

This was a not infrequent procedure with Mr. Vincy—to be rash in jovial assent, and on becoming subsequently conscious that he had been rash, to employ others in making the offensive retractation. However, Mrs. Vincy, who never willingly opposed her husband, lost no time the next morning in letting Rosamond know what he had said. Rosamond, examining some muslin-work, listened in silence, and at the end gave a certain turn of her graceful neck, of which only long experience could teach you that it meant perfect obstinacy.

"What do you say, my dear?" said her mother, with affectionate deference.

"Papa does not mean any thing of the kind," said Rosamond, quite calmly. "He has always said that he wished me to marry the man I loved. And I shall marry Mr. Lydgate. It is seven weeks now since papa gave his consent. And I hope we shall have Mrs. Bretton's house."

"Well, my dear, I shall leave you to manage your papa. You always do manage every body. But if we ever go and get damask, Sadler's is the place—far better than Hopkins's. Mrs. Bretton's is very large, though. I should love you to have such a house; but it will take a great deal of furniture—carpeting and every thing, besides plate and glass. And you hear, your papa says he will give no money. Do you think Mr. Lydgate expects it?"

"You can not imagine that I should ask him, mamma. Of course he understands his own affairs."

"But he may have been looking for money, my dear, and we all thought of your having a pretty legacy as well as Fred; and now every thing is so dreadful—there's no pleasure in thinking of any thing, with that poor boy disappointed as he is."

"That has nothing to do with my marriage, mamma. Fred must leave off being idle. I am going up stairs to take this work to Miss Morgan: she does the open hemming very well. Mary Garth might do some work for me now, I should think. Her sewing is exquisite; it is the nicest thing I know about Mary. I should so like to have all my cambric frilling double hemmed. And it takes a long time."

Mrs. Vincy's belief that Rosamond could manage her papa was well founded. Apart from his dinners and his coursing, Mr. Vincy, blustering as he was, had as little of his own way as if he had been a prime minister: the force of circumstances was easily too much for him, as it is for most pleasure-loving florid men; and the circumstance called Rosamond was particularly forcible by means of that mild persistence which, as we know, enables a white soft living substance to make its way in spite of opposing rock. Papa was not a rock: he had no other fixity than that fixity of alternating impulses sometimes called habit, and this was altogether unfavorable to his taking the only decisive line of conduct in relation to his daughter's engagement—namely, to inquire thoroughly into Lydgate's circumstances, declare his own inability to furnish money, and forbid alike either a speedy marriage or an engagement which must be too lengthy. That seems very simple and easy in the statement; but a disagreeable resolve formed in the chill hours of the morning had as many conditions against it as the early frost, and rarely persisted under the warming influences of the day. The indirect though emphatic expression of opinion to which Mr. Vincy was prone suffered much restraint in this case: Lydgate was a proud man, toward whom innuendoes were obviously unsafe, and throwing his hat on the floor was out of the question. Mr. Vincy was a little in awe of him, a little vain that he wanted to marry Rosamond, a little indisposed to raise a question of money in which his own position was not advantageous, a little afraid of being worsted in dialogue with a man better educated and more highly bred than himself, and a little afraid of doing what his daughter would not like. The part Mr. Vincy preferred playing was that of the generous host whom nobody criticises. In the earlier half of the day there was business to hinder any formal communication of an adverse resolve; in the later there was dinner, wine, whist, and general satisfaction. And in the mean while the hours were each leaving their little deposit and gradually forming the final reason for inaction, namely, that action was too late.

The accepted lover spent most of his evenings in Lowick Gate, and a love-making not at all dependent on money advances from fathers-in-law, or prospective income from a profession, went on flourishingly under Mr. Vincy's own eyes. Young love-making—that gossamer web! Even the points it clings to—the things whence its subtile interlacings are swung—are scarcely perceptible: momentary touches of finger-tips, meetings of rays from blue and dark orbs, unfinished phrases, lightest changes of cheek and lip, faintest tremors. The web itself is made of spontaneous beliefs and indefinable joys, yearnings of one life toward another, visions of completeness, indefinite trust. And Lydgate fell to spinning that web from his inward self with wonderful rapidity, in spite of experience supposed to be finished off with the drama of Laure—in spite, too, of medicine and biology; for the inspection of macerated muscle or of eyes presented in a dish (like Santa Lucia's), and other incidents of scientific inquiry, are observed to be less incompatible with poetic love than a native dullness or a lively addiction to the lowest prose. As for Rosamond, she was in the water-lily's expanding wonderment at its own fuller life, and she too was spinning industriously at the mutual web. All this went on in the corner of the drawing-room where the piano stood, and subtile as it was, the light made it a sort of rainbow visible to many observers besides Mr. Farebrother. The certainty that Miss Vincy and Mr. Lydgate were engaged became general in Middlemarch without the aid of formal announcement.

Aunt Bulstrode was again stirred to anxiety; but this time she addressed herself to her brother, going to the warehouse expressly to avoid Mrs. Vincy's volatility. His replies were not satisfactory.

"Walter, you never mean to tell me that you have allowed all this to go on without inquiry into Mr. Lydgate's prospects?" said Mrs. Bulstrode, opening her eyes with wider gravity at her brother, who was in his peevish warehouse humor. "Think of this girl brought up in luxury—in too worldly a way, I am sorry to say—what will she do on a small income?"

"Oh, confound it, Harriet! what can I do when men come into the town without any asking of mine? Did you shut your house up against Lydgate? Bulstrode has pushed him forward more than any body. I never made any fuss about the young fellow. You should go and talk to your husband about it, not me."

"Well, really, Walter, how can Mr. Bulstrode be to blame? I am sure he did not wish for the engagement."

"Oh, if Bulstrode had not taken him by the hand, I should never have invited him."

"But you called him in to attend on Fred, and I am sure that was a mercy," said Mrs. Bulstrode, losing her clew in the intricacies of the subject.

"I don't know about mercy," said Mr. Vincy, testily. "I know I am worried more than I like with my family. I was a good brother to you, Harriet, before you married Bulstrode, and I must say he doesn't always show that friendly spirit toward your family that might have been expected of him." Mr. Vincy was very little like a Jesuit, but no accomplished Jesuit could have turned a question more adroitly. Harriet had to defend her husband instead of blaming her brother, and the conversation ended at a point as far from the beginning as some recent sparring between the brothers-in-law at a vestry meeting.

Mrs. Bulstrode did not repeat her brother's complaint to her husband, but in the evening she spoke to him of Lydgate and Rosamond. He did not share her warm interest, however; and only spoke with resignation of the risks attendant on the beginning of medical practice and the desirability of prudence.

"I am sure we are bound to pray for that thoughtless girl—brought up as she has been," said Mrs. Bulstrode, wishing to rouse her husband's feelings.

"Truly, my dear," said Mr. Bulstrode, assentingly. "Those who are not of this world can do little else to arrest the errors of the obstinately worldly. That is what we must accustom ourselves to recognize with regard to your brother's family. I could have wished that Mr. Lydgate had not entered into such a union; but my relations with him are limited to that use of his gifts for God's purposes which is taught us by the divine government under each dispensation."

Mrs. Bulstrode said no more, attributing some dissatisfaction which she felt to her own want of spirituality. She believed that her husband was one of those men whose memoirs should be written when they died.

As to Lydgate himself, having been accepted, he was prepared to accept all the consequences which he believed himself to foresee with perfect clearness. Of course he must be married in a year—perhaps even in half a year. This was not what he had intended; but other schemes would not be hindered: they would simply adjust themselves anew. Marriage, of course, must be prepared for in the usual way. A house must be taken instead of the rooms he at present occupied; and Lydgate, having heard Rosamond speak with admiration of old Mrs. Bretton's house (situated in Lowick Gate), took notice when it fell vacant after the old lady's death, and immediately entered into treaty for it.

He did this in an episodic way, very much as he gave orders to his tailor for every requisite of perfect dress, without any notion of being extravagant. On the contrary, he would have despised any ostentation of expense; his profession had familiarized him with all grades of poverty, and he cared much for those who suffered hardships. He would have behaved perfectly at a table where the sauce was served in a jug with the handle off, and he would have remembered nothing about a grand dinner except that a man was there who talked well. But it had never occurred to him that he should live in any other than what he would have called an ordinary way, with green glasses for hock, and excellent waiting at table. In warming himself at French social theories he had brought away no smell of scorching. We may handle even extreme opinions with impunity while our furniture, our dinner-giving, and preference for armorial bearings in our own case link us indissolubly with the established order. And Lydgate's tendency was not toward extreme opinions: he would have liked no barefooted doctrines, being particular about his boots: he was no radical in relation to any thing but medical reform and the prosecution of discovery. In the rest of practical life he walked by hereditary habit; half from that personal pride and unreflecting egoism which I have already called commonness, and half from that *naïveté* which belonged to preoccupation with favorite ideas.

Any inward debate Lydgate had as to the consequences of this engagement which had stolen upon him turned on the paucity of time rather than of money. Certainly, being in love and being expected continually by some one who always turned out to be prettier than memory could represent her to be, did interfere with the diligent use of spare hours which might serve some "plodding fellow of a German" to make the great, imminent discovery. This was really an argument for not deferring the marriage too long, as he implied to Mr. Farebrother one day that the vicar came to his room with some pond products which he wanted to examine under a better microscope than his own, and, finding Lydgate's tableful of apparatus and specimens in confusion, said, sarcastically,

"Eros has degenerated; he began by introducing order and harmony, and now he brings back chaos."

"Yes, at some stages," said Lydgate, lifting his brows and smiling, while he began to arrange his microscope. "But a better order will begin after."

"Soon?" said the vicar.

"I hope so, really. This unsettled state of affairs uses up the time, and when one has notions in science, every moment is an opportunity. I feel sure that marriage must be the best thing for a man who wants to work steadily. He has every thing at home then—no teasing with personal speculations—he can get calmness and freedom."

"You are an enviable dog," said the vicar, "to have such a prospect—Rosamond, calmness, and freedom all to your share. Here am I with nothing but my pipe and pond animalcules. Now are you ready?"

Lydgate did not mention to the vicar another reason he had for wishing to shorten the period of courtship. It was rather irritating to him, even with the wine of love in his veins, to be obliged to mingle so often with the family party at the Vincys', and to enter so much into Middlemarch gossip, protracted good cheer, whist-playing, and general futility. He had to be deferential when Mr. Vincy decided questions with trenchant ignorance, especially as to those liquors which were the best inward pickle, preserving you from the effects of bad air. Mrs. Vincy's openness and simplicity were quite unstreaked with suspicion as to the subtile offense she might give to the taste of her intended son-in-law; and altogether Lydgate had to confess to himself that he was descending a little in relation to Rosamond's family. But that exquisite creature herself suffered in the same sort of way: it was at least one delightful thought that in marrying her he could give her a much-needed transplantation.

"Dear!" he said to her one evening, in his gentlest tone, as he sat down by her and looked closely at her face—

But I must first say that he had found her alone in the drawing-room, where the great old-fashioned window, almost as large as the side of the room, was opened to the summer scents of the garden at the back of the house. Her father and mother were gone to a party, and the rest were all out with the butterflies.

"Dear! your eyelids are red."

"Are they?" said Rosamond. "I wonder why." It was not in her nature to pour forth wishes or grievances. They only came forth gracefully on solicitation.

"As if you could hide it from me!" said Lydgate, laying his hand tenderly on both of hers. "Don't I see a tiny drop on one of the lashes? Things trouble you, and you don't tell me. That is unloving."

"Why should I tell you what you can not alter? They are every-day things—perhaps they have been a little worse lately."

"Family annoyances. Don't fear speaking. I guess them."

"Papa has been more irritable lately. Fred makes him angry, and this morning there was a fresh quarrel, because Fred threatens to throw his whole education away, and do something quite beneath him. And besides—"

Rosamond hesitated, and her cheeks were gathering a slight flush. Lydgate had never seen her in trouble since the morning of their engagement, and he had never felt so passionately toward her as at this moment. He kissed the hesitating lips gently, as if to encourage them.

"I feel that papa is not quite pleased about our engagement," Rosamond continued, almost in a whisper; "and he said last night that he should certainly speak to you and say it must be given up."

"Will you give it up?" said Lydgate, with quick energy—almost angrily.

"I never give up any thing that I choose to do," said Rosamond, recovering her calmness at the touching of this cord.

"God bless you!" said Lydgate, kissing her again. This constancy of purpose in the right place was adorable. He went on:

"It is too late now for your father to say that our engagement must be given up. You are of age, and I claim you as mine. If any thing is done to make you unhappy, that is a reason for hastening our marriage."

An unmistakable delight shone forth from the blue eyes that met his, and the radiance seemed to light up all his future with mild sunshine. Ideal happiness (of the kind known in the "Arabian Nights," in which you are invited to step from the labor and discord of the street into a paradise where every thing is given you and nothing claimed) seemed to be an affair of a few weeks' waiting, more or less.

"Why should we defer it?" he said, with ardent insistence. "I have taken the house now: every thing else can soon be got ready—can it not? You will not mind about new clothes. Those can be bought afterward."

"What original notions you clever men have!" said Rosamond, dimpling with more thorough laughter than usual at this humorous incongruity. "This is the first time I ever heard of wedding-clothes being bought after marriage."

"But you don't mean to say you would insist on my waiting months for the sake of clothes?" said Lydgate, half thinking that Rosamond was tormenting him prettily, and half fearing that she really shrank from speedy marriage. "Remember, we are looking forward to a better sort of happiness even than this—being continually together, independent of others, and ordering our lives as we will. Come, dear, tell me how soon you can be altogether mine."

There was a serious pleading in Lydgate's tone, as if he felt that she would be injuring him by any fantastic delays. Rosamond became serious too, and slightly meditative; in fact, she was going through many intricacies of lace edging and hosiery and petticoat-tucking, in order to give an answer that would at least be approximative.

"Six weeks would be ample—say so, Rosamond," insisted Lydgate, releasing her hands, to put his arm gently round her.

One little hand immediately went to pat her hair, while she gave her neck a meditative turn, and then said, seriously,

"There would be the house-linen and the furniture to be prepared. Still, mamma could see to those while we were away."

"Yes, to be sure. We must be away a week or so."

"Oh, more than that!" said Rosamond, earnestly. She was thinking of her evening dresses for the visit to Sir Godwin Lydgate's, which she had long been secretly hoping for as a delightful employment of at least one quarter of the honeymoon, even if she deferred her introduction to the uncle who was a doctor of divinity (also a pleasing though sober kind of rank when sustained by blood). She looked at her lover with some wondering remonstrance as she spoke, and he readily understood that she might wish to lengthen the sweet time of double solitude.

"Whatever you wish, my darling, when the day is fixed. But let us take a decided course, and put an end to any discomfort you may be suffering. Six weeks!—I am sure they would be ample."

"I could certainly hasten the work," said Rosamond. "Will you, then, mention it to papa?—I think it would be better to write to him." She blushed and looked at him as the garden flowers look at us when we walk forth happily among them in the transcendent evening light: is there not a soul beyond utterance, half nymph, half child, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep color?

He touched her ear and a little bit of neck under it with his lips, and they sat quite still for many minutes, which flowed by them like a small gurgling brook with the kisses of the sun upon it. Rosamond thought that no one could be more in love than she was; and Lydgate thought that after all his wild mistakes and absurd credulity, he had found perfect womanhood—felt as if already breathed upon by exquisite wedded affection, such as would be bestowed by an accomplished creature who venerated his high musings and momentous labors and would never interfere with them; who would create order in the home and accounts with still magic, yet keep her fingers ready to touch the lute and transform life into romance at any moment; who was instructed to the true womanly limit and not a hair-breadth beyond—docile, therefore, and ready to carry out behests which came from beyond that limit. It was plainer now than ever that his notion of remaining much longer a bachelor had been a mistake: marriage would not be an obstruction, but a furtherance. And happening the next day to accompany a patient to Brassing, he saw a dinner-service there which struck him as so exactly the right thing that he bought it at once. It saved time to do these things just when you thought of them, and Lydgate hated ugly crockery. The dinner-service in question was expensive, but that might be in the nature of dinner-services. Furnishing was necessarily expensive; but then it had to be done only once.

"It must be lovely," said Mrs. Vincy, when Lydgate mentioned his purchase with some descriptive touches. "Just what Rosy ought to have. I trust in Heaven it won't be broken!"

"One must hire servants who will not break things," said Lydgate. (Certainly this was reasoning with an imperfect vision of sequences. But at that period there was no sort of reasoning which had not been sanctioned by men of science.)

Of course it was not necessary to defer the mention of any thing to mamma, who did not readily take views that were not cheerful, and being a happy wife herself, had hardly any feeling but pride in her daughter's marriage. But Rosamond had good reasons for suggesting to Lydgate that papa should be appealed to in writing. She prepared for the arrival of the letter by walking with her papa to the warehouse the next morning, and telling him on the way that Mr. Lydgate wished to be married soon.

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mr. Vincy. "What has he got to marry on? You'd much better give up the engagement. I've told you so pretty plainly before this. What have you had such an education for, if you are to go and marry a poor man? It's a cruel thing for a father to see."

"Mr. Lydgate is not poor, papa. He bought Mr. Peacock's practice, which, they say, is worth eight or nine hundred a year."

"Stuff and nonsense! What's buying a practice? He might as well buy next year's swallows. It 'll all slip through his fingers."

"On the contrary, papa, he will increase the practice. See how he has been called in by the Chettams and Casaubons."

"I hope he knows I sha'n't give any thing—with this disappointment about Fred, and Parliament going to be dissolved, and machine-breaking every where, and an election coming on—"

"Dear papa! what can that have to do with my marriage?"

"A pretty deal to do with it! We may all be ruined for what I know—the country's in that state! Some say it's the end of the world, and be hanged if I don't think it looks like it. Anyhow, it's not a time for me to be drawing money out of my business, and I should wish Lydgate to know that."

"I am sure he expects nothing, papa. And he has such very high connections: he is sure to rise in one way or another. He is engaged in making scientific discoveries."

Mr. Vincy was silent.

"I can not give up my only prospect of happiness, papa. Mr. Lydgate is a gentleman. I could never love any one who was not a perfect gentleman. You would not like me to go into a consumption, as Arabella Hawley did. And you know that I never change my mind."

Again papa was silent.

"Promise me, papa, that you will consent to what we wish. We shall never give each other up; and you know that you have always objected to long courtships and late marriages."

There was a little more urgency of this kind, till Mr. Vincy said, "Well, well, child, he must write to me first before I can answer him"—and Rosamond was certain that she had gained her point.

Mr. Vincy's answer consisted chiefly in a demand that Lydgate should insure his life—a demand immediately conceded. This was a delightfully reassuring idea supposing that Lydgate died, but in the mean time not a self-supporting idea. However, it seemed to make every thing comfortable about Rosamond's marriage; and the necessary purchases went on with much spirit. Not without prudential considerations, however. A bride (who is going to visit at a baronet's) must have a few first-rate pocket-handkerchiefs; but beyond the absolutely necessary half dozen, Rosamond contented herself without the very highest style of embroidery and Valenciennes. Lydgate also, finding that his sum of eight hundred pounds had been considerably reduced since he had come to Middlemarch, restrained his inclination for some plate of an old pattern which was shown to him when he went into Kibble's establishment at Brassing to buy forks and spoons. He was too proud to act as if he presupposed that Mr. Vincy would advance money to provide furniture; and though, since it would not be necessary to pay for every thing at once, some bills would be left standing over, he did not waste time in conjecturing how much his father-in-law would give in the form of dowry, to make payment easy. He was not going to do any thing extravagant, but the requisite things must be bought, and it would be bad economy to buy them of a poor quality. All these matters were by the bye. Lydgate foresaw that science and his profession were the objects he should alone pursue enthusiastically, but he could not imagine himself pursuing them in such a home as Wrench had—the doors all open, the oil-cloth worn, the children in soiled pinafores, and lunch lingering in the form of bones, black-handled knives, and willow pattern. But Wrench had a wretched lymphatic wife who made a mummy of herself in-doors in a large shawl; and he must have altogether begun with an ill-chosen domestic apparatus.

Rosamond, however, was on her side much occupied with conjectures, though her quick imitative perception warned her against betraying them too crudely.

"I shall like so much to know your family," she said one day, when the wedding-journey was being discussed. "We might perhaps take a direction that would allow us to see them as we returned. Which of your uncles do you like best?"

"Oh—my uncle Godwin, I think. He is a good-natured old fellow."

"You were constantly at his house at Quallingham, when you were a boy, were you not? I should so like to see the old spot and every thing you were used to. Does he know you are going to be married?"

"No," said Lydgate, carelessly, turning in his chair and rubbing his hair up.

"Do send him word of it, you naughty undutiful nephew. He will perhaps ask you to take me to Quallingham; and then you could show me about the grounds, and I could imagine you there when you were a boy. Remember, you see me in my home, just as it has been since I was a child. It is not fair that I should be so ignorant of yours. But perhaps you would be a little ashamed of me. I forgot that."

Lydgate smiled at her tenderly, and really accepted the suggestion that the proud pleasure of showing so charming a bride was worth some trouble. And now he came to think of it, he would like to see the old spots with Rosamond.

"I will write to him, then. But my cousins are bores."

It seemed magnificent to Rosamond to be able to speak so slightingly of a baronet's family, and she felt much contentment in the prospect of being able to estimate them contemptuously on her own account.

But mamma was near spoiling all a day or two later, by saying,

"I hope your uncle Sir Godwin will not look down on Rosy, Mr. Lydgate. I should think he would do something handsome. A thousand or two can be nothing to a baronet."

"Mamma!" said Rosamond, blushing deeply; and Lydgate pitied her so much that he remained silent and went to the other end of the room to examine a print curiously, as if he had been absent-minded. Mamma had a little filial lecture afterward, and was docile as usual. But Rosamond reflected that if any of those high-bred cousins who were bores should be induced to visit Middlemarch, they would see many things in her own family which might shock them. Hence it seemed desirable that Lydgate should by-and-by get some first-rate position elsewhere than in Middlemarch; and this could hardly be difficult in the case of a man who had a titled uncle and could make discoveries. Lydgate, you perceive, had talked fervidly to Rosamond of his hopes as to the highest uses of his life, and had found it delightful to be listened to by a creature who would bring him the sweet furtherance of satisfying affection—beauty—repose—such help as our thoughts get from the summer sky and the flower-fringed meadows.

Lydgate relied much on the psychological difference between what for the sake of variety I will call goose and gander: especially on the innate submissiveness of the goose as beautifully corresponding to the strength of the gander.

ACCIDENT OR DESIGN?

A JURY of twelve bachelors, whether old or young, or of the same number of maidens, summoned to answer the question which forms the title to the lower illustration on page 565, would, without retiring to consider it in private, immediately pronounce the verdict, "Design!" The case admits of no argument; the student may hold in his hand OVID'S "Art of Love," but he never intended to read it there and then; it is brought out as a *ruse* to hide his real object; and the trees which the lady is sketching will never be completed, and she does not intend they shall be, though commenced days ago, it may be, till that bashful youth who has daily watched the progress of the drawing has summoned up sufficient courage to request the fair artist's permission to examine her work. There is no "accident" here; it is altogether an affair mentally prearranged on each side; and the artist, Mr. POPE, could never expect that any one who looks at his picture should think otherwise.

The title, however, is sufficiently suggestive to answer its purpose of telling the commencement of a love story; the composition, as a whole, is pretty, and the principals in it, saving a little affectation of manner in both, which is almost inseparable from the sentiment, are carefully studied. There is evidently neither reading nor sketching going on; the thoughts of each are centred in the other, and the eyes of the lady watch every movement of the gallant to see if his next steps will bring him nearer to her. She is the most attractive object in the picture, even viewed artistically, for the figure is very gracefully posed, and her costume is well displayed.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE World's Peace Jubilee is over, but its echoes reverberate through the land. Hence it is not too late to say that we delayed until the latter part of the festival before we took a trip to the "Hub" to see what all the hubbub was about. Of course we chose the most crowded of all the popular routes—doesn't every body? We thought so, as at length we succeeded in obtaining seats on the *Bristol*, and watched the swarming crowds with benevolent interest until supper-time came. Then came also the tug of war. To find an opening for a single person down the stairs leading to the supper-room required no little dexterity; but for our party of half a dozen it was like forcing an entrance through surrounding armies into a besieged town. Only five hundred had supped when we entered the lists, but still they came. Nobody was ill-tempered, however; the band discoursed sweet music, evening changed to night, and those who could get neither state-room, berth, nor cot were content to stretch themselves on the floor. Not even the late arrival in Boston, at half past nine, caused the good-natured passengers to scold, though they were half famished. Hotels were besieged, and late breakfasts the fashion that morning. A room at the hotel? Certainly not! The idea was preposterous! Was not every body thankful enough to obtain even a chair in the parlors? We were made thankful thus, and watched the stream of incomers and outgoers. "Have you got your ticket?" was the one query with which friend greeted friend. But *we* trustfully started for the Jubilee without any. We were conveyed thither "in style"—the style being in "an old hay-cart," as a little girl in our party appropriately called the lumbering, springless, cloth-covered vehicle which Boston provided for visitors to the Coliseum. For the sum of ten cents each we were carried to the grand festival in one of these primitive-looking carts, conspicuous with its arched white top.

Having been instructed by one who had met with disappointing experience in the matter of reserved seats, we resolved to obtain only entrance tickets. The gentleman who marshaled our party entered the "queue," and being early, no great patience was necessary in getting the important little pasteboards. Occasionally an unprotected female took her place in the long line to the office, which so grieved the gallant policemen of the "Hub" that they offered themselves as substitutes. "I will get your ticket for you, madam," said one, in our hearing, to a solitary woman. Evidently on the impulse of the moment she gave her money into his hand; then a second thought coming into her mind, she fancied she might be the victim of some sharper, and hastily added, "Don't run away with the money!" "I am not in the habit of running away with money," returned the policeman: "you can get your ticket yourself." "Oh no," said the woman; but the insulted officer was decided, and with a very red face she got her own ticket. Somehow we were peculiarly fortunate, most excellent seats being given us, where for an hour before the commencement of the concert we watched the general proceedings, admired the vast building, with its lofty roof delicately tinted with blue, its beautiful decorations, the graceful festooning of evergreens, and of flags and significant devices from all nations, and congratulated ourselves on our favorable position for inspecting the whole. The three hundred policemen and one hundred ushers were busy enough. Reserved seats were constantly invaded through ignorance or willfulness, and the ushers compelled to usher out reluctant parties, who clung with ludicrous pertinacity to their chosen positions. Suddenly a volume of sound from the twenty thousand came swelling through the vast space, and all minor considerations subsided. But we have no intention of giving our readers a detailed criticism of the musical performances; that matter has been sufficiently written about—in some cases with candor and courtesy, in others with rancor and ridicule. Suffice it to say that *we* would not have missed the sight of the great Coliseum, nor the sound of the Jubilee music.

The new Directory of the city of New York for 1872-73 is a ponderous volume of thirteen hundred pages, containing 211,244 names—about 10,000 more than are found in the last volume. The task of preparing a Directory is no trifling one, and it always furnishes material for curious study.

Certain employers of working-men in Belgium are trying a novel experiment. Knowing full well the difficulty there is in securing cheap and comfortable accommodations in a great city, they have organized a home for their employés, where, for thirty-five cents (American money) a day, each person will be furnished with lodging, four meals a day—one of meat—and have their washing done free.

The recent eruption of Vesuvius is said to have completely changed the topography of the mountain. Hills have appeared where, but a short time ago, stones stood for visitors to rest upon. Precipices have been formed which almost prevent further advance. All is altered: the very shape of the mountain has lost its well-known outlines, and the view is appalling.

In Japan the marriage ceremony is very simple. A man and a woman drink wine from the same cup, and the thing is done. Divorce is not a much more elaborate affair. The husband who is dissatisfied with his wife gives her a piece of paper on which a few characters are traced. Being translated, they are about as follows: "I no likee you. I thinkee you likee other man more better. I give you piece a paper. You can go. Goodee-by."

The weather bureau is becoming so accurate in its predictions that an apprehension is felt that the hitherto never-failing topic for conversation in dull company will become wholly unavailable.

Some young microscopists, especially those who do not have much superfluous cash, like to make their own slides. If the following directions are carefully observed, a very handsome object may be obtained: A drop of a saturated solution of nitrate of silver is to be placed in the middle of a clean glass slide. In the drop a small piece of fine brass or copper wire is put. The silver is precipitated on the copper, by chemical action, in most beautiful crystals. After the silver has been all precipitated, which will be in the course of an hour after the copper has been put in, the slide should be carefully dried, and a piece of thin glass, called a cover, cemented on over it to keep it from injury. This slide may be viewed by reflected or transmitted light; but it is most beautiful by reflected light.

The present year, it is said, will be an excellent time to visit the Yosemite Valley. On account of the heavy snows during the winter, the falls are more magnificent than they have been for ten years. A rush Yosemite-ward is foretold.

Since the conviction of Mrs. Laura D. Fair her counsel, her prosecutor, and the judge who granted her a new trial have all died. Also a son of Mr. Crittenden, who was a witness against her, has died; and now her own mother is dangerously ill.

Will it be proved that the wild white daisy is not so innocent a flower as it has had the reputation of being? A correspondent of the *Evening Mail* mentions that in certain localities where the pastures are white with the daisy fever and ague prevails; and that while in its early flowering it has a pleasant fragrance, at later periods it has a rank and disagreeable smell. He suggests that by a comparison of the flora of infected districts we may discover the cause of this distressing disorder.

The recent report of the New York Prison Association gives interesting instances of the interference of agents of the association to prevent unjust condemnation of persons charged with crime. In one case a young man of previously unblemished character and high standing was charged with larceny from a custom-house officer. It appeared that the official and a friend were on board an English steamship, where they had taken several glasses of liquor. On leaving the vessel they were somewhat intoxicated, and while walking hurriedly up the street from the river the official suddenly paused and charged the prisoner with putting his hand into his side-pocket and stealing therefrom seventy-five dollars. An officer was called, the accused was taken into a house and searched, and only twenty-two cents found upon his person; the custom-house official was then searched, and the seventy-five dollars were found in his own pocket. He then asserted that the prisoner had taken it, but when detected had replaced it. The agent of the association, on finding the prisoner's story to be correct in every particular, hurried his case to a hearing before the court, and procured his discharge.

In another case the agents found a respectable-looking young woman charged with petit larceny—stealing several bottles of pickles from the person of whom she had hired a furnished room. She represents that she had roomed at this place for several months, and had always entertained a high opinion of her landlady until some two weeks since, when that lady fell greatly in her estimation. She at once expressed her determination to leave the house, and started out to secure other rooms. On her return, and while packing her things, she found the several bottles of pickles referred to in her bed, and almost immediately after this discovery a police officer entered the room, and she was charged with the larceny, which she denied most emphatically. The services of a lawyer were secured to defend her, and she was discharged. Many other instances are mentioned in the report, where, by the efforts of the association, persons manifestly innocent of the crimes with which they were charged were promptly discharged from custody.

A curious calculation has been made, resulting in the statement that the printing of the single word "laughter" in the *Congressional Globe*, as it occurs in speeches of Congressmen, has, during the last thirty years, cost the government about fifteen hundred dollars, while the word "applause" has cost twice that sum.

All the Year Round contains a conversational article upon "Alcoholic Drinks," in which are many thoughts worthy of consideration. The use of stimulants is a subject upon which so many differing opinions are held that it is well for every one to understand on what grounds these opinions are based. The article referred to says:

> "It seems to be clearly demonstrated that alcohol, whether pure or diluted, expending itself in the human system, produces heat, and *that* soon after the alcoholic drink is taken. This physiological effect explains the greater consumption of strong drinks in winter than in summer, as well as its entering more largely into popular habits in proportion as we advance toward the north. It follows, hence, that an abuse of spirituous liquors is more injurious in a mild or warm climate than in a cold one; also in summer than in winter. Competent authorities hold that the increase of energy is only temporary, and that meat, properly employed, is the working-man's best support. Alcohol excites the nervous system, causing visible but temporary excitement. If the excitement is not utilized at the moment, it is lost. It passes away; a collapse or fit of depression follows, and there is an actual diminution of the original stock of serviceable strength. As helps to mental labor, the benefit is questionable. It must be employed at the very moment when produced, or it is lost, evaporated, wasted. The same holds with other excitants of the nervous system, as coffee, tea, tobacco, opium; only, under the influences of tea and coffee the intellect is cleared as well as awakened; whereas under the effects of spirituous drinks, it is more or less tinged with prismatic colorings, perceives distorted images, and is sometimes obscured with a heavy cloud. It is rare that bacchic stimulation is employed in developing and improving the intellect."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LADY was showing little Zaidee some pictures of birds, among which was a nightingale. The lady told Zaidee that it was a bird which sang beautifully in the night, adding, "We have no nightingales in this country, as they have in England." "No," replied Zaidee, promptly, "but we have cats that sing in the night. I often hear them."

Why should a sailor know that there is a man in the moon?—Because he has been to sea.

Mount Vesuvius is said to be a fiery old *crater*.

A bookseller, some years since, received an order for "2 *sam bux*." He puzzled his brain some time without understanding the meaning thereof, and returned it for an explanation. The writer was very much astonished that it could not be understood. "Why," said he, "it is as plain as day: 2 *s a m*, psalm; *b u x*, books." This explained the mystery.

NOT AMISS—A pretty widow.

What are domestic magazines?—Wives who are always blowing up their husbands.

A clergyman created quite a merriment the other day on one of our steamboats, going over to lay out a new camp-meeting resort, by the inquiry, "What positive proof is there that King David and his son Solomon were *tailors?*" No one in the crowd could answer, and the humorous divine quoted the familiar passage: "And Solomon mended the *breaches* which David his father had made."

Killing Indians in some parts of the West is considered justifiable Sioux-icide.

Smiggles says that the most thrilling tale he ever listened to was that of a rattlesnake.

A San Francisco editor thus addresses an Oakland brother: "You wallapus, you icthyodorulite, you bogus hammochrysos, you—you Oaklander!"

A gentleman, while making a speech, inadvertently stepped forward and off the platform. To the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall he claimed that any speaker had a right "to come down to the level of his audience."

A man up in New Hampshire named his two children Ebenezer and Flora; he always speaks of them as Eb and Flo—very *tidy* nicknames.

THE BEST INN FOR A POET—Inspiration.

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

Wild oats are said to be the only crop that grows by gas-light.

Potato-bugs are wofully painted sitting upon their hind-legs on Iowa fences and weeping at the backwardness of the season.

A foreign medical journal remarks that the most warlike nation in modern times is vaccination, because it is always in arms.

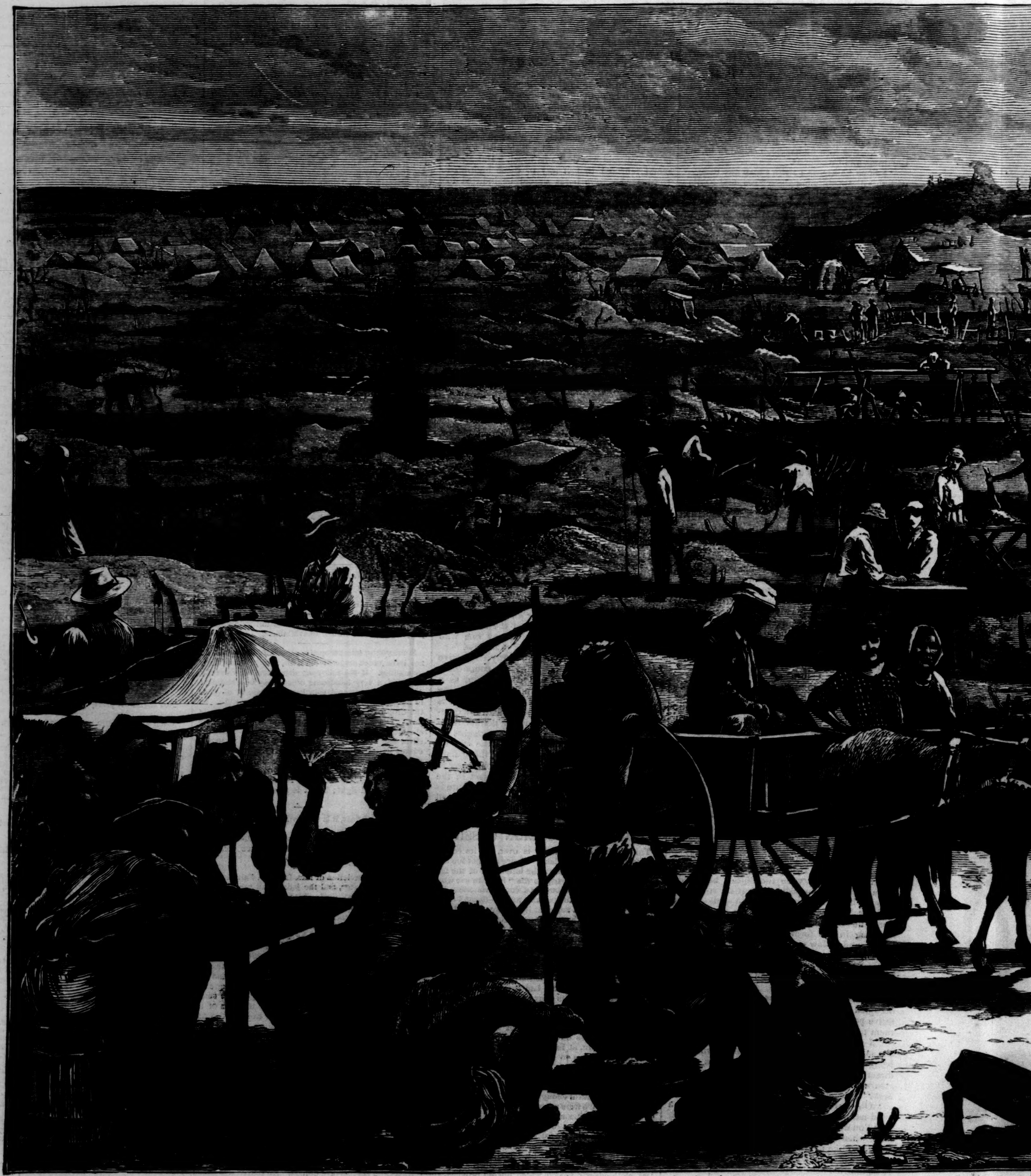
A minister who thought that reporting sermons was all vanity afterward concluded that, if the thing must be done, it should be well done, and slipped a greenback into the reporter's hand, saying, "Do not condense me."

Rheumatism is sometimes a joint affair, and yet there is only one party to it.

Railroads are public social benefactors, inasmuch as they teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

What is the most dangerous kind of an assassin?—A man who takes life cheerfully.

A gentleman was staying at a country house, when, hearing a great clatter below one morning, he looked out and saw a couple of grooms holding one of the servant-maids on a horse, which they led with difficulty once round the yard. He asked them what it all meant. "Well, you see, Sir," said they, "we're going to take the horse to market to be sold, and we want to be able to say he has carried a lady."



THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH A

AT THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

The first reports of the discovery of an immense deposit of diamonds in South Africa were received with universal distrust; but the experience of those who flocked to that region in the hope of suddenly achieving wealth showed them to be very little, if at all, exaggerated. From a little book, recently published under the title of "Twelve Months at the Diamond Fields," we condense the following account to accompany the illustrations in this number of the *Weekly*.

And, first, let us note the exact location of the diamond region, which may be easily done with the assistance of a map of South Africa. The natural boundary of the Cape Colony proper on the north is the Gariep or Orange River, one of those streams common to the southern hemisphere, with a huge bed but an insignificant permanent supply of water. Far up the country the Gariep splits into two forks, which encircle the state known as the Orange River Republic; the most northerly of these forks is known as the Vaal River, and on and near its banks the diamond fields are situated.

The riches of this region appear to have been discovered by accident. A child was seen playing with a pretty bright stone, and a trader, never suspecting its value, asked leave to exhibit it in the colony, when it was found to be a diamond of 16 carats. The news soon spread abroad, and before long men of all nations came flocking up to the Vaal River, and Pniel, a township situated on that stream, became a bustling and important place. But the prosperity of places which depend for their support on gold or diamond diggings is very precarious, for "rushes," as they are termed, are constantly taking place to fresh spots; and Pniel was comparatively deserted for the dry diggings situated at some distance to the south of the river, at Colesberg Kopje and Du Toit's Pan. Du Toit's Pan deserves some description, for it was there that the largest diamond yet unearthed in South Africa was discovered—a truly magnificent gem, full of fire, and perfect in shape, though, like all the large stones (it weighed 154 carats), slightly off color. Du Toit's Pan is a dismal-looking place, situated in a dreary flat, close to a salt-pan. At Colesberg Kopje there was a small hillock, which, a few months before our author's visit, had formed part of a grazing farm, but has now been excavated to a depth of twenty or thirty feet. On this extrac
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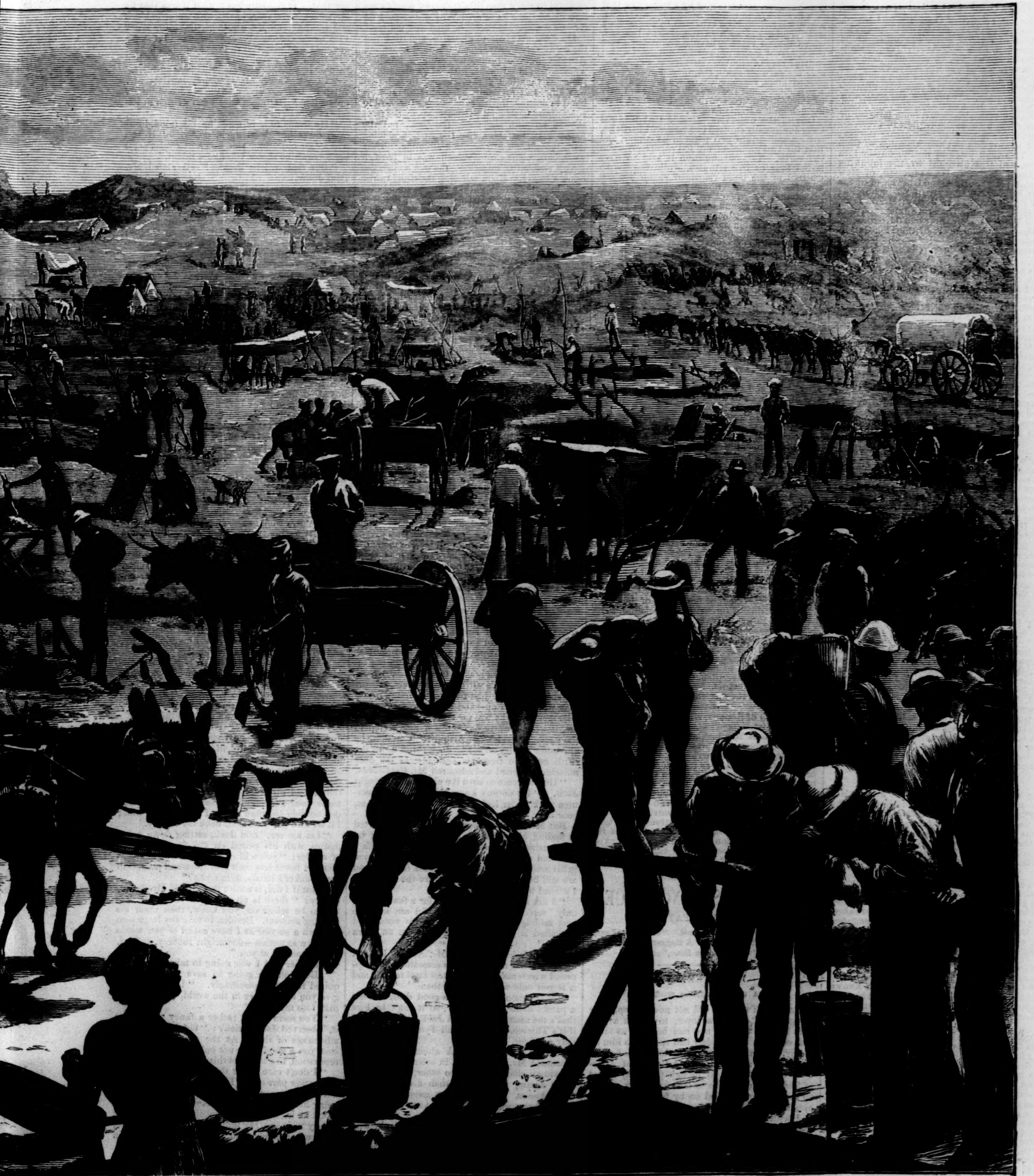

OUTH AFRICA—AT THE DIGGINGS.

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the weather in the summer months is very hot in those regions, and that there is a great scarcity of water, the health of the miners has been wonderfully good, and no epidemic has broken out among them. The life at the diggings is very much like that of the Californian and Australian mines, except that diamond hunting is even a greater lottery than gold digging. In two respects the Cape mines differ from those of Australia. The European speculators were able to obtain plenty of natives to do the hardest part of the work, and altogether these poor fellows seem to have behaved with an honesty which we rarely find among Christians, so-called. In Australia there was no dark-skinned race available, and miners had to do their own digging. South Africa, again, was not cursed with the horde of scoundrels whose deeds of violence, both in Australia and California, shook all sense of security; and considering that the society in the Vaal River was somewhat "mixed," there was little serious crime.

The result of the discovery of this extraordinary supply of diamonds has been to lower the marketable value of rough stones about fifty per cent. This is doubtless due to a temporary glut, the markets being easily oversupplied with an article for which, owing to its high price, there is only a limited demand. This decline in price need not deter people from crossing the line to seek their fortune, but those who go should be in possession of something to live upon in case of continuous ill luck. "There is no doubt," says our author, "that diamonds of great price are richly scattered all along the Vaal, but the difficulty is where to look for them: geology does not afford a guide, and a man may spend half of his life in chase of a phantom which allures while it avoids him."

The double-page illustration given above represents the busy scene where the mining, washing, and sorting are carried on; and in the left-hand corner a young man may be seen holding up a glittering gem which he has just discovered to the view of his admiring companions. The peculiar method of mining, by narrow trenches, will be noticed in the engraving. The illustration on page 565 gives a sketch of the road between Natal and the mines, one of the two routes most frequented by emigrants. It traverses a wild and desolate region, and great suffering is often experienced by the way.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the last session of Congress, just closed, an appropriation of $15,000 was made for the introduction of salmon, shad, and other useful food fishes into such suitable rivers of the United States as are at present without them; and the work was placed under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Professor Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution. As the first suggestion of this matter was made to Congress by the American Fish-Culturists' Association, a meeting of that body was held, at the request of Professor Baird, for the purpose of considering the best method of carrying out the intention of Congress. This took place in Boston on the 13th of June, and was attended by the following State Commissioners: Dr. Fletcher, of New Hampshire; Messrs. Reed and Dexter, of Rhode Island; and Mr. Brackett, of Massachusetts; and by Dr. Slack, of New Jersey; Mr. Bowles, of Massachusetts; Mr. George Shepherd Page, of New York; and Mr. Livingston Stone, of New Hampshire—members of the Fish-Culturists' Association.

Reference was made during the meeting to the enterprise of Mr. Charles G. Atkins, of Maine, who is at present engaged in obtaining living salmon on the Penobscot River, and placing them in a large pond of one hundred and fifty acres, under his control, near Bucksport. Here they will be penned up until the end of October or the beginning of November, when their spawn will be ripe, and when the eggs will be collected and impregnated by what is called the dry process. After this the adults will be let loose to find their way to the sea, and probably to return again next year. The United States Commissioner was advised to furnish means to Mr. Atkins to enable him to extend his operations on the largest possible scale, so as to make sure of obtaining all the eggs that can be procured at such short notice on the Eastern coast.

It was also thought expedient that some one should go to the Western coast, there to make arrangements for establishing a hatching-house on a large scale, so as to procure eggs of the Western varieties.

In regard to shad, it was considered too late to do much in the Southern waters of the Mississippi Valley; but that there was still time to commence the experiment in the northern tributaries of the Mississippi River, as the eggs of the shad in the Hudson and Connecticut were then about ripening, and could be obtained in great quantity. It was proposed, therefore, to place many millions of these in a large number of the streams in question, and also to try the experiment of their introduction into the waters of the great lakes. It is, of course, not certain that the shad will be able to live in fresh-water the whole year round; but it is thought not improbable that they may find sustenance and protection in the deeper waters of the lakes during the winter, and may run up the rivers in the spring, as if from the ocean.

At its last session Congress made an appropriation of $75,000 for the continuation of Professor Hayden's geological exploration of the Territories; and on the 15th of June the Professor had already established his camp at Ogden, Utah, preparatory to prosecuting his researches. We hope to have it in our power from time to time to chronicle his movements, as well as those of other scientific parties in the West, and have every assurance that the present season will be marked by many important additions to our knowledge of the physical and natural history of the central and western regions of the United States.

The botanical department of the British Museum announces important additions to the herbarium during the year 1871. Among these were no less than 17,000 species of plants from various parts of Europe and America (in large part the herbarium of Auerswald, of Leipsic), and including about 1000 specimens collected in Yucatan by Dr. Arthur Schott, of Washington.

Mr. Seth Green, of New York, continues to be indefatigable, under the direction of the New York Fish Commissioners, in his efforts to stock the waters of this State with useful food fishes. Last year he introduced about 15,000 young shad into the Genesee River, and finds that they have already attained a considerable length. During the present year he proposes to transport 100,000 young shad from the Hudson into Lake Champlain, and hopes in this instance for an equally satisfactory result of his experiment. Lake Champlain now possesses a fish known along its shores as the shad, but which really is a white-fish, and not the species bearing the first-mentioned name on the Atlantic coast.

According to the *Yale College Courant*, a new era in the educational development of the Japanese has been entered upon in the opening of an exhibition of curiosities of nature and art in Yedo in the beginning of April last. The formation of collections of this kind is usually characteristic of an advanced stage of culture; and in imitating the European and American example in this respect the Japanese show their great superiority to the Chinese and other Oriental nations. The exhibition referred to was opened in a temple sacred to the spirit of Confucius, and situated in the grounds of the old Chinese college. This institution was the chief seat in Japan of the study of the Chinese literature, but has been closed for some years, as the study of the Chinese has now become obsolete.

The exhibition, to which a charge for admission of about two cents was made, was projected by the Japanese themselves; and although small yet, according to the writer in the *Courant*, it was really very good and well-selected. The specimens were those mainly pertaining to the fauna and flora of Japan, embracing reptiles, fishes, insects, and birds, the last being well stuffed and mounted. Specimens of timber, in polished slabs, were exhibited; and the cases of insects were filled with a very great variety of species. To the wonders of nature were added numerous art curiosities, mainly of old and rare patterns of articles of lacquered bronze.

On the 9th of June, 1866, a remarkable fall of aerolites took place in the County Unghvār, in Hungary, which was witnessed by a large number of persons. A violent detonation was first heard, like the discharge of cannon, making the glass rattle; this was followed by several more feeble sounds, accompanied by a noise like that of a heavy wagon rolling along the pavements. Attention having been attracted by the noise, a small cloud was seen in the distant heavens, which moved rapidly, having about ten times the apparent magnitude of the sun, and which emitted rays of smoke. Persons at a considerable distance off saw a red, incandescent, pear-shaped body, surrounded by a blue light, and which approached the earth at an angle of thirty to thirty-five degrees with great velocity, leaving behind it a train of vapor.

One of the observers affirmed that this red body continually emitted incandescent particles, and separated into two parts in its course, and that the two globes of fire fell separately upon the earth. The phenomenon is said to have lasted four or five minutes, while the smoke emitted by the bolid remained visible for ten minutes afterward. Some persons even professed that they perceived a decided smell of burning sulphur; and one of those who picked up a fragment a little time after its fall said that it was not free from the odor for three days after.

The number of stones that fell on this occasion was quite considerable, two of them being much larger than others, one weighing nearly 600 pounds, and the other about 80 pounds. At least a thousand fragments were picked up, being scattered over a surface of about 6600 feet in length by 2500 in width. The largest mass penetrated the earth to a depth of eleven feet, and the smaller to that of about two feet.

A writer in *The Field* states the very curious fact that a hen, after hatching out two ducklings from eggs placed under her for that purpose, and attempting in vain to induce them to come out from the water to which they had immediately betaken themselves, herself swam in after them, and pushing them before her, actually forced them to the land.

According to a report from the Loffoden Islands, the great cod-fishing ground of Norway, 17,000,000 fish were taken during the past winter, this number being rather below the average. Twenty thousand men were engaged in the capture of the fish, and in their preparation, and that of the oil and manure made from the offal.

The Society of Sciences at Haarlem celebrated its one hundred and twentieth annual meeting May 18 last, and decreed the Boerhaave Medal to Mr. H. C. Sorby for the microscopical investigations carried on by him upon the structure of minerals and rocks. They also proposed quite a number of premiums for questions embracing many interesting problems in the physical and natural sciences of the present day.

The announcement of the details of the forty-second meeting of the British Association, to be held at Brighton on Wednesday, August 14, has just been made. The officers for the year are, Dr. William B. Carpenter, president; the general secretaries, Dr. Thomas Thomson and Captain Galton. The meeting will occupy about eight days, and papers to be presented will be considered before acceptance, by the organizing committees of different sections, in advance of the opening of the meeting.

The death of Robert Wight, an eminent English botanist, took place near Reading, England, on the 26th of May last, at the age of seventy-six. This gentleman was at a very early age connected with the service of the East India Company, and as early as 1834 published, in connection with Professor Arnott, a volume on the botany of Eastern India. Other contributions to the same science are to be found in his "Illustrations of Eastern Botany" and other works, as also in numerous articles contributed to scientific periodicals and transactions. He took an important part in the introduction of the cultivation of cotton into India, and otherwise rendered valuable services to that country, in which he resided for a long time.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK.

Arthur Tyndall did not now sit up, after his game of cards was over, to smoke a pipe with his old friend; nor had he done so since that occasion when Adair had spoken to him of Jenny. On this night, in particular, he had, in fact, hurried away so soon as Jones and Allardyce had departed, as though positively afraid of finding himself face to face with Jack alone; so that worthy smoked on by himself, with his eyes half shut, as his custom was when thinking, and with a book in his hand that he did not read. "Things are getting worse and worse," muttered he to himself. "Poor Arthur is not like the same man. He must owe these charming friends of his a little fortune—and, unhappily, not his own fortune. He is imbittered and half mad with what he persists in calling his 'Luck.' He has made up his mind to take some decided course, I feel assured—a desperate one, it must needs be—Heaven grant it may not be a fatal one! If I could only make the scales fall from his eyes, and show him what these fellows are, there would be some chance for him yet; but they are as cunning as they are ruthless—fox and wolf in one. I'll have one more try," continued he, presently, "at those devil's books. As yet I've essayed to read them only by daylight—those thieves have kept it up so late—and I'm beginning to think that, like the devil himself, they belong to the night only, or at least have then more power for evil. Else why did not these scoundrels play with them in the daytime? If Allardyce cared for the opinion of the women, Jones certainly would not have done so, since he knows they hate him already, yet they both excused themselves from taking a hand. It must be as pleasant to rob a man of a thousand pounds before dinner-time as after. Why didn't they do it? Come, speckle-backs, be kind and tell me."

He drew his chair to the table, and dealt out the cards very slowly, face downward as before. At first he could discover nothing peculiar. They were glazed cards, with white spots upon them, as they had always seemed to be; that was all. But presently, happening to raise his hand in dealing, the glaze on one card seemed to concentrate itself on a particular spot; the next showed no such sign; nor the next; but the fourth card had also, like the first, a shining spot, though not in the same situation. They were both court-cards—which was in itself a strong element of suspicion—the one a king, the other a knave. Upon selecting the court-cards, including the aces, from the rest, he found that they all showed similar spots, though in different places, whereas the plain cards had none. The spots were not only invisible by daylight, but had to be held at an unusually acute angle to be seen by candle-light; but when you once knew of their existence, recognition was easy enough. In a few deals Adair was able to say: "This is a court-card, and this a plain one," as they passed swiftly through his fingers; and by the end of half an hour he could name each particular card. The system upon which the cards were marked was ingenious, yet very simple. Each court-card was divided into eight imaginary divisions—four at top and four at bottom—so that, whether the card was upside down or not it could be read with equal ease. The first compartment, counting from either end, was devoted to diamonds, the second to spades, the third to hearts, the fourth to clubs; and the value of the card, whether ace, king, queen, or knave, was indicated by its position in the compartments. A dealer at loo who was in possession of this secret could, therefore, always tell in which hand was the best trump, and whether it was advisable for him to play or not; and, with that advantage, it was, of course, absolutely impossible that he could fail to win. When the cards were flat on their faces, or held in the hand, no spot was to be made out, even by the microscope, in any way differing from the other spots.

"Now this is what good Mrs. Somers would call 'very ingenuous,'" observed Adair, dryly. "I wonder whether Arthur will believe me when I show him this, or shall I have to get his money back by the same trick, in order to convince him? I suspect I shall. We'll have a new pack of cards to-morrow night, and I'll take a hand myself; then when I deal, I shall say: 'Now mark, Tyndall, I'm giving you the knave of diamonds, and Allardyce the king of clubs, and Jones the queen of hearts.' It's a trick that these gentlemen and I can do with any of these packs. Then if there be a rough-and-tumble, I should not wonder. Jones will jump out of the window, and be staked by a standard rose-tree; and Allardyce will draw a revolver, or other 'sedative'—he's just the sort of fellow to do that when all is up—and go in for me. If he kills me, it will be bad for him; but if he misses me, it will be worse.—There's a man's step in the passage, and it's not Arthur's. Can there be any other devilry afoot?" Jack threw down the cards and rose from his seat, just as the door noiselessly opened and admitted Mr. Paul Jones.

"He has come to burn the old cards," thought Jack. "He doesn't know that I have a specimen pack under lock and key in my own room, poor dear."

But Mr. Jones did not seem at all disconcerted at finding his enemy in the smoking-room; on the contrary, his face evidenced much satisfaction, and there was a genuine self-congratulation in his tone as he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven, you are still here, Mr. Adair; you are the very man I wished to see!"

"I am still on view, though for a few minutes only," replied Jack, dryly. "If I am kept up past midnight" (and he took out his watch and consulted it gravely), "there will be an extra charge."

"I won't keep you up, Mr. Adair—I won't detain you five minutes. But something has happened which may have the most fatal results, and it is you only who can avert them."

"Well, though I smoke a good deal, I'm not a patent flame-extinguisher, so it can't be Fire that's the matter," observed Jack, coolly; "and if it's Thieves, you must call Tyndall, since I'm only a lodger."

"What I have to speak about is no joke," continued Mr. Paul Jones, in solemn tones, and drawing a chair close to the other, who had sat down again; "it's worse than fire, and worse than thieves. The life of a guest under this roof is threatened, Sir; an innocent man is like to be murdered in cold blood!"

"Then it certainly isn't *you*," said Jack, with an involuntary glance toward the cards.

"Yes, it is; it's me. Your friend's friend, an acquaintance of your own, with whom you have no cause of quarrel; a fellow-creature, at lowest, whom you are bound to protect from an assassin."

Mr. Jones spoke with an impassioned eagerness, and, when he ended, laid his hand upon the other's knee in cringing entreaty.

Jack briskly withdrew his leg, and brushed his knee-cap, as though those supplicatory fingers had been a spider with viscous legs.

"Who wants to assassinate *you?*" inquired Jack. ("He's insulted Giles," thought Jack, "and the old fellow has threatened to turn the liquid-manure engine upon him; and quite right too.")

"Mr. Magus."

"Indeed! that's serious," said Adair: and his tone was serious too. "I don't know the facts of the case, of course; but whatever Mr. Magus has promised to do, you may be sure of one thing—he'll keep his word."

"Oh, don't say that, Mr. Adair; *pray* don't say that. If you only knew what it was that he has threatened: there are his own words in black and white;" and Mr. Jones produced the letter with whose contents we have just been made acquainted, and placed it in the other's hand.

"Upon my word," said Adair, when he had perused it, "this is a very ugly-looking business."

"Ugly-looking! It is simply horrible, Mr. Adair! Did you ever read such a blood-thirsty production? It might have been written in letters of gore!"

"He seems to have made up his mind, however, don't he?" said Jack, coolly. "If you won't 'go out'—and you *won't*, of course—I'll bet a crown he shoots you like a rabbit."

"But that will be murder!" ejaculated Mr. Paul Jones.

"From your point of view, undoubtedly it will, but not from his. Magus is a fine old Irish gentleman of the olden time; a sort of chivalrous savage. He may shoot you on the Queen's highway, or at noonday in the Regent Circus; but he is quite incapable—if that is any satisfaction to you—of any thing dishonorable."

"But no man can act like that, Sir, nowadays. Mr. Adair, there are laws—there is the constabulary."

"No doubt there are," said Jack: "the yeomanry can also be called out upon occasion, though scarcely in this particular case. Magus cares nothing for what are called the authorities; so long as his sense of honor is satisfied, he would cheerfully submit to be cut into mince-meat."

"For Heaven's sake, don't joke, Mr. Adair; I can't stand it. My brain is giving way under this tremendous pressure. I was always nervous about fire-arms. My mother was frightened by a horse-pistol just before my birth; it's constitutional. This demon in human form—if it *be* human, for in that black velvet suit of his he looks the very picture of an aged Mephistopheles—has only given me twelve hours to turn about in. In my extremity I turn to *you*. I can't ask Tyndall, because I said that about his marriage, and he would be naturally prejudiced against me in the matter; but you are a common friend of Mr. Magus and myself. Well, at all events"—for Jack was raising his eyebrows very high—"you wouldn't see me butchered in cold blood for having spoken a few words in jest, and nothing but the truth, too."

"Unhappily for you, you see, that was where the offense lay," remarked Jack, rubbing his chin. "Why did you tell the truth? It is rather unusual with you, isn't it?"

"It was after dinner, you see," explained Mr. Jones, excitedly, and quite unconscious of the sarcasm. "After a couple of bottles of claret one says any thing; besides, I thought this old fellow was a mere nobody, kept here in charity, and without even a kick in him."

"Ah, that was a mistake: it is only his hair-triggers that have no kick in them. Well, I really don't see why you have come to me, Mr. Jones. Why not go to your friend, Mr. Allardyce? I should have thought he was the very man to see you through an affair of this kind."

"That's just it, my dear Sir," exclaimed Jones, hurriedly; "he'd make me fight; he'd take a devilish pleasure in seeing me stand up at fourteen paces to be riddled by—swan-shot, or whatever is used. But *you*—you're a Christian man; you are actuated by religion and morality, and all that. Here's my check-book; name your sum; and the same hour in which this terrible old man says, 'I won't shoot him; I'll let him go,' you shall have the money."

"Let me see," said Jack, setting down a few figures with his pencil on the face of an ace of spades; "you told us at dinner one day that you had never less than four thousand pounds in your banker's hands, didn't you?"

"But if I did, it wasn't true," cried Mr. Jones, hastily; "there is no subject a man's word is less to be relied on, you know, than upon his banking account. Besides, to take any large sum for such a service as I have asked of you would be mere extortion—downright robbery, indeed. I'm astonished at you."

"I never said I was going to take a penny."

"But you are going to save my life?" inquired the other, pleadingly. "I would rather give you half I have in the world, or all, rather than lose my life."

"You seem to set rather a fancy price upon it," observed Jack, quietly; "but I will not take advantage of that. At the same time, it will cost you a good deal, not only in money, but in reputation, to get out of this hobble."

"I don't care about that—at least, about the reputation part of it. If you choose to say I am not a gentleman, and therefore not worthy of being fired at by a man of blood (and a man of blood he is, with a vengeance), you are quite at liberty to do so. My father was a tailor by trade, between ourselves, and you can say I served in his shop."

"My good Sir, you don't understand these nice distinctions," observed Adair, smiling grimly in his sleeve. "No matter what your father has been, or what you yourself have been before you came here, Mr. Magus has met you here as his equal in society, as the companion of his favorite nephew (whose motives with respect to matrimony you have been so imprudent as to malign), and you are put on the same level with any other guest at the dinner-table of your common host. He does you the honor of supposing you as worthy of his steel as a Bayard or a Howard; he's bent on fighting, that's certain. Now how much will you give to save your skin?"

"Well, I should not have thought it of you, Mr. Adair; I should have said that you were incapable of a bribe. Yes, Sir"—Jack's honest face was showing unmistakable signs of shame, and Mr. Jones pushed his supposed advantage accordingly—"I have often said to Allardyce, 'It's no use attempting to buy Adair.'"

"Why should you have wanted to buy me?" inquired Jack, looking up quickly.

"Oh, I only made the observation in a general way. I meant that you had not your price, like most men; that whatever you did—such as this little service for me, for instance, though I little thought then of having to ask it at your hands—you would do for nothing, out of your mere sense of duty."

"I see," said Jack, dryly. "Well, I'm sorry to disabuse you of your good opinion; but I shall want three thousand pounds."

"Three thousand pounds for merely saying a good word for a friend! It's monstrous; it's out of the question. Why, it's one hundred and fifty a year, forever, in compensation for a quarter of an hour's conversation with a gentleman of family."

"Yes, it's a large sum, Mr. Jones; exactly the same sum, I believe, which you and your friend received from Arthur Tyndall in compensation for your loss of time over a week's card-playing in London. These gains are comparative. Many persons, for instance, would rather play at loo for a week than argue with a man like Mr. Magus for a quarter of an hour, especially if they had good luck, great luck, quite exceptional luck."

"One can't tell what one's luck will be till one has tried," observed Mr. Jones, carelessly. He was always prepared for such an insult as Adair was putting upon him, and minded it very little, since no victim was there to listen to it—and to profit by it; and, besides, he had a much more perilous and weighty matter on his mind. "Now in the case of this man Magus, you know what you are taking in hand, and what will come of it. You can put me straight in this matter, and I don't care how you do it, if you only will."

"I can," said Adair, coldly; "and nobody else *but* me could do it. Tyndall himself could not, even if you dared to ask him. When a jewel is rare, the cost is great; when it is unique, it becomes priceless. I am letting you off cheap at three thousand pounds."

"It is extortion!" cried Mr. Paul Jones, starting suddenly from his chair. "I won't submit to it. I'll appeal to the law; I'll hire a policeman—four policemen—to follow me night and day."

"Very good," said Adair, coolly, tapping the ashes out of his pipe. "My ultimatum is refused. You will come again before the twelve hours are out, and find the terms harder; or perhaps you have made up your mind to fight? In that case, remember about the biscuit and the cup of coffee, and bathe your eyes well with cold water, and don't wear flannel next your skin."

"Stop, Adair, stop!" cried Mr. Jones, appealingly. "I'll give you the money—I swear I will—if you will bring me a note from Mr. Magus to say that it is all made up."

"I have every confidence in your word, Mr. Paul Jones; but I prefer your bond. Before I move in this matter I must have a check for the money, with a little memorandum in addition, to explain that it was for value received. You may stare at me as hard as you please; I dare say my nose does seem to you a little Jewish-looking. I'm *worse*, am I? Very good. I'm a robber, if you please—a gentleman of the road, whose motto is, 'Your money or your life?' Only, in this case, it's a division of labor: if I don't take your money, another man takes your life."

Mr. Paul Jones made a rapid mental calculation. He had already received half of these three thousand pounds from Tyndall, and two thousand four hundred pounds were still owing to him from that quarter. After paying this enormous ransom he would still, therefore, be nine hundred pounds to the good, even if Allardyce should not moderate his demands out of consideration to his friend's calamity. But no—he would never do that: and, on the whole, it would be better not to tell him. The merciless banter to which such a confession was sure to subject him would be insupportable.

Mr. Paul Jones took out his check-book, and wrote an order to John Adair, Esq., for three thousand pounds sterling.

"So far so good," said Jack. "And now give me up those 'I O U's.'"

"What do you mean? Are you mad?"

"Not at all; my brain is capable of precise calculation. You have in your possession—probably in your pocket-book—acknowledgments from my friend Arthur Tyndall to the amount of four thousand eight hundred pounds. I have kept a separate account of your transactions with him. I believe I am quite correct. But the sum may be larger, in which case you must pay it. I must have it all."

"What? Seven thousand eight hundred for speaking to Mr. Magus?"

"Not at all, my dear Sir. This four eight naught naught is quite a distinct matter."

"And what, in the devil's name, have you to do with it?"

"Nothing—no more than I had to do with the three thousand pounds. To tell you the truth, I am acting toward you in a very friendly manner. I am about to turn away the wrath of the Great Magus from no other motive than benevolence. This check is not for myself at all; it is neither mine nor yours; it is Tyndall's. I thought there might be some difficulty in getting you to disgorge what you had already robbed him of; whereas the 'I O U's' are of less consequence; he has only to disown them."

"You must be drunk—you must be exceedingly drunk—you can't know what you are saying," ejaculated Mr. Jones, but with a tremor in his tone and a pallor on his face that belied his confident words. "These memoranda of Tyndall's are as much my own as the sovereigns I have got in my purse."

"That depends upon how they have been come by. What a curious spot this is, is it not?"

Jack was holding the ace of clubs face downward, so that the light played full upon it. Mr. Jones's florid face grew paler and paler.

"I see no particular spot," stammered he: "it's a spotted card."

"That's because you're not holding it in your own hand," observed Jack, quietly. "If you dealt these cards, you would not fail to remark, I think, that there was something peculiar about the backs of all the aces, likewise of the kings and queens and knaves. Nothing, however, let us confess, can be fairer than the plain cards. You had better give up those 'I O U's.'"

"I—I—don't understand you."

"Then you are trifling with your intelligence, which is considerable. These 'I O U's' are, under the circumstances, waste paper. Mr. Allardyce and yourself are 'blown upon'—as I have delicately hinted—'burst up,' 'uncovered'—I quote from your own Sharper's vocabulary: you are both 'spotted,' like the cards themselves."

"Mr. Wynn Allardyce had nothing whatever to do with it," exclaimed Mr. Jones. He wiped his forehead, his chin, his throat, which were all in a state of profuse perspiration; he felt as if he had been drinking antimonial wine to excess, and topping up with spirits of nitre.

"I don't believe it," said Jack, decisively. "On the contrary, I will pay you the compliment of remarking that I believe Mr. Allardyce is a more infamous scoundrel than yourself. Do you still hesitate to give me those 'I O U's?'" Jack rose and locked the door. "Very good: then I shall take them; I'll have them if I have to strip you to the skin. You may call it Robbery with violence, if you like: I call it Restitution.—You'll give them up? I thought you would. It is the peculiar virtue of the scoundrel to know when he is beaten. Poor Tyndall would have fought against overwhelming odds till he had lost every shilling to you two villains."

"Here are the 'I O U's,' Mr. Adair," said Jones, producing them; "but I most solemnly swear to you that Allardyce was ignorant of the unfair advantage which you have defected. His gains have been small, and, for all he knew, were solely attributable to good fortune. This is the simple truth, upon my honor."

"Nobody can doubt *that*, of course," observed Adair, dryly; "but it is curious that my first hint of this knavery was suggested by something that fell from Mr. Allardyce's own lips. It is not of much consequence, since if any man sits down to play with Mr. Paul Jones's friend and companion again, he must be a fool indeed. But here is the memorandum I spoke about, drawn up so as to include you both. You must sign it, if you please, for friend and partner."

"I will sign nothing to Mr. Allardyce's prejudice," said Mr. Paul Jones, positively; "he is no partner of mine, nor has he ever been."

"Do you mean to say that you alone knew of those spotted cards?"

"I do. I ordered five hundred similar packs of the maker, and marked them all; then, carefully resealing them, I sent them back, requesting the same number of plain white ones. I knew that he supplied Tyndall, and that he liked the spotted ones."

"I see," said Jack, taking up the cards. "So these are your old friends again?"

Mr. Jones nodded his head sulkily: he had made a clean breast of it, and yet he was not happy. If he could have killed Adair without discovery, he would have stabbed him to the heart as soon as look at him—in fact, sooner, for he kept his face studiously averted from the other's gaze.

"You must sign this little acknowledgment of your ingenuity," observed Jack, pushing over to him a piece of paper across the table. "I have put it all to your own credit, since you will have it so."

"You have got the money back," answered the other, doggedly. "Why do you want this?"

"To save your life," answered Jack, coolly. "I must show it to Mr. Magus; and when he perceives that you confess yourself to be a cheat and a card-sharper, he will be the last man in the world to wish to fight you."

"But you might have told him that at first," exclaimed Mr. Jones, pathetically.

"That's true," said Jack, with a grim chuckle; "but business first, and pleasure afterward. If I may venture to add a piece of advice gratis, I would recommend you not to put in an appearance to-morrow morning, Mr. Jones. Tyndall is very trustful; but when he finds he has been deceived he is apt to be rather violent."

"I've an engagement to-morrow in town which I ought to keep," remarked Mr. Jones, thoughtfully. "Yes; I think I'll go."

Jack chuckled again.

"Are you sure Allardyce hasn't an engagement also?"

"Quite sure," answered the other, earnestly. "I have already exonerated him from all complicity in—what has happened."

As he turned to go without a farewell—"Had you not better take these pretty cards?" suggested Jack. "You have only four hundred and fifty-two packs left in the maker's hands." But Mr. Paul Jones had left the room and slammed the door before the sentence could be finished. "I'm afraid I've put him out," said Jack Adair. Then he lit his eleventh pipe, and pondered. "This is an excellent night's work," soliloquized he, "and takes the rope off poor Tyndall's neck. Shall I tell him at once, and so give him a good night's rest, or shall I wait till morning? It will be better to let this rogue take himself off first, or there may be a row. As for the other, guilty or not, he can do no more harm: like a pair of scissors, cheats can only act in concert, and now there is but one Blackleg left. Yes; better wait till morning."

Better *not* wait till morning, excellent Jack; better go at once and see thy friend, and take the rope off *now*; for he is on the very scaffold, if thou only didst but know it, and about to leap into an eternity of woe!

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

"THAT will do, gentlemen; I am obliged to you," had been the words of Arthur Tyndall when he found himself a debtor to his false friends for nearly five thousand pounds; and he spoke them in the fullness as well as the bitterness of his heart. He *was* obliged to them: he did feel thankful to them for having so piled up the burden of misfortune that he could no longer in honor ask another to help him to bear it. He had passed the limit of indebtedness which could, even by utmost stretch of conscience, be concealed from Helen. It was impossible that he could permit her to take, unconsciously, the hand of a hopelessly ruined man. Of course her fortune could easily discharge this obligation, as he had looked to it to discharge a less; but his conscience had been growing more and more tender upon this point of late—ever since he had seen Jenny—and this last stroke of ill luck (or good luck, for he was not quite sure which it was) had brought matters to a crisis. He would tell Helen all, and formally release her from her engagement; and then?—well, he could not answer that question decisively. It took him the whole night to think about it, during which he never closed his eyes.

Now he saw Helen, with indignant cheeks and reproachful looks: now he saw Jenny, sad and tearful, but not contemptuous of him; though she would not permit him to explain himself, he fancied that she understood his perplexities, and took pity on him. Neither Helen nor Jenny was now for him. He must needs be once more an exile from home and country, living on a mere crust, till enough could be saved out of his income to pay off those dreadful "I O U's." He would have to make up some story to account for his going away to simple Uncle Magus. That ancient gentleman had taken a great fancy to Helen, or, at all events, always paid her the most courteously paternal attentions. It would not be easy to explain to him (since his own pecuniary embarrassment must be carefully concealed from the proud old man) how matters stood. Mrs. Tyndall and Blanche would consider his behavior very strange and unjustifiable, and their opinion was of consequence to him. Above all, what would Jack say? He attached more importance to Jack's censure than he would have done to the unanimous anathema of the bench of bishops. He felt that Jack and he could never be such friends again after this, though Jack would love him always. Why had he not listened to him in the old days, when he had urged him to tell his father all—all about Jenny? If the worst had happened then, it could not have been so bad as the pass to which things had come to now. He could have married her *then*, and gone out as a humble emigrant, and made his way in the New World; but he had gone out alone, and forgotten her, and misspent his time and his money among worthless companions; and now it was too late to ask her to be his wife, for he was worse than penniless: a load of debt—and that of the worst kind, a debt of honor—was hanging around him, which it would take many a year of his crippled income to discharge. It was his own fault from first to last that he found himself thus poverty-stricken, humiliated, and without hope or comfort, and he knew it; but, bitter as the reflection was, it was not so painful as the thought of what his wayward selfishness had inflicted on one innocent girl, and was about to inflict upon another.

As for himself, what did it matter? he would go back to the wild life he had led for the last five years, and stay away for good and all from home. For what home was there now to welcome him? Friendless, loveless, an outcast by his own act, what was there for him to live for now? The best thing that could happen for every body—even for himself, perhaps—would be that he should be polished off by a Yankee bowie-knife, or wiped out by a Malay creese, in some free fight, should the chance of more honorable warfare be denied him. Then Cousin George would succeed to Swansdale, and not refuse, it was to be hoped, to let Uncle Magus live out the remainder of his days at the Cottage. And Helen would marry some respectable and domestic man, who didn't play loo; and Jenny— It was strange that whenever his thoughts recurred to Jenny they broke down, just as his speech might have done had he been talking of her. There was a solution of continuity; schemes and reflections alike vanished from his mind, and in their place came some remembrance of the past, the recollection of some scene (visible, perhaps, from his very window, had it been day) where she had held sweet converse with him, smiled upon him, kissed him even—such as the chalk-pit, and the tree beneath which he had bidden her farewell—and he would give himself up to these dreams as an opium-eater gives himself to his drug, though he knows the waking will be terrible.

When morning dawned he took a bath (which made him shiver instead of glow, as usual), and dressed, and let himself out-of-doors, as he had done before. But on this occasion the hour was too early even for Giles; there was no scrape of the besom on the path, or sweep of the scythe on the lawn; the dull, importunate beat of the lasher alone was heard. Yes, one other sound struck on his ear a minute after he had left the house—the stealthy closing of the front-door. Under any other circumstances he would have returned to inquire into so strange an incident; if he had done so now, the whole course of his future—and of another's future—would have been altered, for he would have met Mr. Paul Jones, in the act of leaving Swansdale, face to face, and learned that he was his debtor no longer; but as it was, it seemed to concern Arthur Tyndall nothing as to who left the hall or entered it. He crossed the lawn with rapid steps and took the path that skirted the weir—not leading to the lock, but away from it. It was an unfrequented one at any hour (for the tow-path ran on the other side), which was one reason why he chose it; the other was, that it awoke no too tender memories of the past. The meetings between himself and Jenny had always taken place between the *Welcome* and the lock, never below the latter. Here he was only reminded of certain incidents of boyhood, the recollection of which period, notwithstanding some sentimental deliverances to the contrary, are generally exempt from the sting of regret.

Here was the tree with the forked branches, in which, with some aid from the village carpenter, he had once built "a house," a one-roomed edifice, at least, thatched without and boarded within, and having in the centre of its floor a trapdoor that concealed a tiny cellar—the pride of the whole structure—in which he had been wont to keep smallish beer. The master-builder had long been dead, and all that remained of this once favorite retreat looked little better than a deserted rook's nest. But it was still the home of many memories. Here was the old osier beneath which the big trout used to lie, and where he had stood by the hour with the new rod and basket that his father had given him on his birthday, throwing the flies that Uncle Magus made, and in whose hands they were such "killers."

How often in this very spot had he forecast his future—an impossible one, for it had been without a woman in it—and hesitated whether he should be a field-marshal or an archbishop, or (in less ambitious moments, and after perusal of "Tales of the Genii") a merchant of Bagdad doing a great business in the pearl line, and whose ordinary currency was purses of sequins! And now, at eight-and-twenty, his prospects were quite as vague, though not so brilliant. How often had he sat beside that broad, clear stream, flowing on to-day precisely as it had done then, and followed some floating object with his eyes as it was hurried toward the sea—that sea which he had never seen and could not picture for himself, and how he had longed to be hurried with it, and to cross the ocean, and behold new worlds, with forests, temples (such as were on the Chinese fire-screens in the library), tigers, crocodiles, and cocoa-nuts! Well, he had seen all these things without thinking much of them, and was now about to see them again, or other things equally without charm, for life was emptied of all promise.

Here was the thicket where he had played at robbers with the rector's son (not Glyddon's, of course, but his predecessor's), and from whence they got the wood for bonfires on Guy Fawkes's Day; and here was the summer-house at the very extremity of the Swansdale ground, where, as children, he and this same companion had been allowed, "for a treat," to boil their kettle and make tea. What had become of that lad who had once been so dear to him, and with whom he had fought so regularly until it was clearly proved that he was the better man, when somehow his interest in him had died out? And what was that old story, and who had told it to him, about his own mother having at one time in her youth been beloved by that lad's father before she married Squire Tyndall? How sad and strange were all those memories of the dead and gone among which his mind was drifting, and how sombre was the picture which human life presented to him, set in the past as in a frame! In the contemplation of it, however, he had wholly forgotten his own troubles, when suddenly the doorway of the summer-house in which he was sitting was darkened, and he looked up and saw Helen standing there, fresh and bright and fair as the morn itself.

"What a good boy you are for early rising, Arthur! I really thought that I had got the start of you to-day by at least an hour, but—What's the matter, darling?"

He had risen and taken both her hands in his, and was holding them, fast, indeed, but without that earnest pressure which she knew so well; and his face was sad, and his eyes full of sorrowful import.

"There is much the matter, Helen—with *me*," he said; "more than you can guess—more almost than you can believe—because you have a good opinion of me."

"I have, Arthur, and nothing can change that—nothing—*nothing*." Her voice was laden with tenderness, but there was a simplicity in its tone which touched him more than even *that*. This woman believed in him implicitly; she had never conceived of him as being a profligate and a ne'er-do-well; her assuring smile defied him to convince her to the contrary even with his own lips.

"If I had not seen you here, Miss Somers—"

She turned so ghastly pale, and her hand seemed to cling to his with such a despairing clutch, as he thus addressed her, that for very pity's sake he altered his cold style.

"If you had not come here, Helen, it was my intention to seek an early opportunity of seeing you alone this morning to tell you something—some very bad news of the man to whom your hand is promised, and who is unworthy of it."

She shook her head and motioned with her lips, as though she would have denied that it could be so; but that word, "Miss Somers," had paralyzed her. Arthur led her to a seat, and placed himself beside her. Her eyes never left his face for a single instant.

"When I first asked you in marriage, Helen, you will remember that I told you that I was not a rich man, and confessed to you that my habits had been extravagant, and that I had been reckless, foolish, improvident; but I did not tell you the whole truth—that I was an irreclaimable as well as an unlucky gamester."

"I knew it," she whispered; "I knew that quite well."

There was no despair, nor even despondency, in her tone; it was evident that she was stating a fact to be deplored, indeed, but one which she had already taken into account, as it were, and made up her mind for. Arthur had thought it better to fire his heaviest-shotted gun at first, and so to sink all hope at once within her; and lo, she had been quite prepared for the discharge, and seemed no worse for it! This result disconcerted him extremely. Was it possible that any woman could so love him that she had been content to be his wife, notwithstanding that such a revelation as he had just made had been no news to her?

"You don't know what a gamester is; you don't know what a marriage with such a man may mean, girl," said Arthur, almost fiercely. He was struggling against the tenderness with which her self-sacrificing affection and simplicity and beauty were inspiring him. "How should you?"

"It may mean ruin, Arthur," said she, calmly; "my mother told me so, and I believed her. Is this all your bad news?"

"You talk of ruin, Helen, as though it did not mean the wreck of happiness as well as of every thing else. I saw you were annoyed the other day when I lost but a few pounds—"

"That was wrong of me," interrupted she, earnestly—"very wrong of me. But do not punish me with death for an offense so slight."

"Death, Helen! What do you mean?" asked he.

"Never mind," replied she, with the same ghastly look as she had worn before. "Don't ask me, but go on."

"I say, if I annoyed you because I lost a few pounds, what would you say if I were to lose hundreds—thousands?"

"Nothing, Arthur; nothing at all, believe me. Whatever you may lose henceforth, you shall never hear a reproach from me."

That she meant what she said was clear; it was also becoming clear to Arthur why she meant it—why she clung to him while he was confessing his unworthiness more closely than she had ever done when he was pouring forth his protestations of love. She was resolved, at all hazards, not to lose him.

"You think and hope it may not happen, Helen. You know not the depths of folly into which such a man as I describe is capable of descending. Let me give you an instance, not of what may happen, but of what has already taken place. I have paid away three thousand pounds of losses at cards since my return to England, and I owe five thousand more. I lost a thousand pounds last night while you were sleeping—dreaming, perhaps, of me as your pure mind has pictured me, not as I am—"

"It matters nothing," she broke in; "though your debt were five times as great, I still could pay it. And how could I spend my fortune better than in helping you? What use were a fortune to me if you did not need it? I would never ask you to stint yourself of a single pleasure; and if this be indeed a pleasure, take it. Perhaps luck will turn; and if it does not turn, at least there will be your Helen to comfort you. Oh, Arthur! is this loss the only ill news you had to tell me? If so, I thank Heaven for it, for somehow, in your look and tone at first, I thought I saw—but it is *not* there now—I thought I saw I was exiled from your heart, and that would have been loss and doom indeed."

The passionate earnestness and pathos of her tone took Arthur's soul by storm. Looking down upon the beautiful face that supplicated him thus tenderly, he could not but stoop down and kiss it, and clasp to his own that self-sacrificing and generous heart which only beat for him. He dared not say, "I have not told you half; I love another," for fear it should stop beating at such fatal news forever. "There is no worse news," he said, "than what I have told you, Helen."

Half fainting in his arms for joy, she blessed her fate and thanked him. She had never known, she said, how dear he had been to her until that moment when his face had seemed to be so strangely set against her, and yet she had loved him from the first, and had never ceased to love—all sharp words and pouting looks and perilous rebukes (that should never again be uttered) notwithstanding. She was his, and his alone, and ever would be his while life was in her.

And he, on his part, was not silent, but touched (as well he might be) by her unexacting trustfulness, made solemn promise that, for the future, he would risk naught at play of hers nor his, nor ever game again. "Your generosity has quite subdued me, darling, and exorcised this demon from my breast," he said. "I cast it from me."

"And take me instead," she murmured.

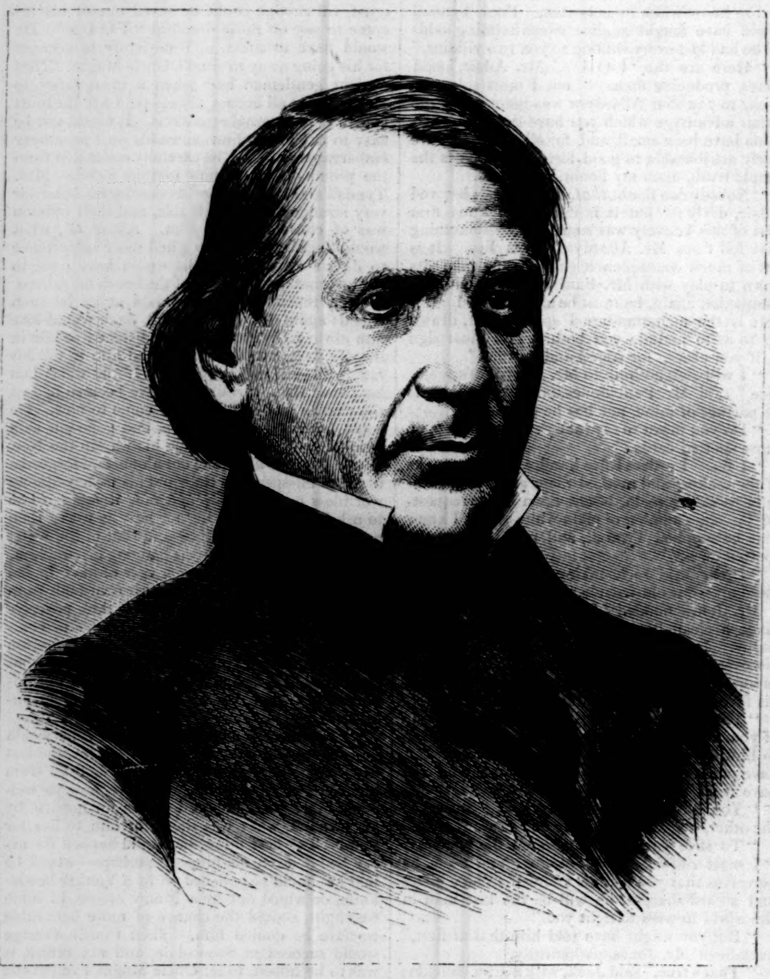
"Nay; *you* were always there."

What *could* he say, with those blue eyes swimming in grateful tears beneath his own, and while she nestled in his bosom like a dove?

PRESIDENT GRANT AND THE GERMANS IN PARIS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Since the sack of Jerusalem or the fall of Rome, since Genseric or Bourbon ravaged the Eternal City, or Josephus beheld the ruin of his country, no great capital has suffered the horrors of a siege or has borne such woes as have so recently fallen upon Paris. Vienna and Sobieski drove back the Turks; Moscow was consumed under the eye of its conqueror; Berlin has yielded more than once to the invader, and Madrid passed from hand to hand; London has never been besieged; St. Petersburg lies beyond the track of armies; but upon magnificent and boastful Paris, in its recent humiliation, were poured out all the ills that history paints in the darkest scenes of warfare. First it beheld that grand army which had marched out of its gates to ravage Middle Europe and desolate the smiling fields of Germany driven and routed with a memorable overthrow. Its emperor and its best soldiers were prisoners. Yet still the Parisians refused to yield. Last of the civilized nations to cultivate the barbarous passion for military glory, unwilling to confess that they had begun an unjustifiable war, that they had thrown down the gage of battle and been fairly defeated, the French, with singular unanimity, with fierce hatred and barbaric vanity, resolved to provoke a siege of their splendid capital.



THE HON. E. B. WASHBURNE, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE.

It came, attended by all its necessary pains, and it would be unjust to forget that the Parisians bore with antique heroism the woes they plainly brought upon themselves. They sacrificed without a murmur their gardens and their palaces, their fair environs and their scenes of revelry. The city was converted into a fortress, and its youth and manhood were gathered in an immense army of 500,000 brave but uncultivated soldiers; its mothers and its daughters abandoned the ceaseless round of frivolous pleasures, to prepare for the dreadful duties of the hospital or the labors of unsparing war. In November, 1870, Mr. Washburne tells us, the Parisians were resolute and hopeful. They could scarcely believe that the Germans would ever be able to penetrate that strong line of fortifications which had been prepared to render the capital impregnable, or would escape utter ruin in the midst of a united nation of nearly forty millions of the French. But with the slow progress of the siege all their hopes faded into despair. The great armies which had been gathered in the provinces for the relief of the capital were dissipated in a series of bloody defeats. The sorties which were made against the lines of the invaders served only to fill the city with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. By January, as the Prussians pressed steadily onward, their shells began to fall amidst the crowded population; men, women, children, perished in the most frequented streets. Convents and churches, St. Geneviève and St. Sulpice, private and public buildings, the magnificent or the venerable creations of the French kings and nobles, were torn and shattered. A young American was mortally wounded in his own apartment; nor was there any part of the luxurious and tasteful city that was not menaced with instant ruin by the destructive instruments of modern warfare. Meantime the winter had proved one of unexampled severity; the intense cold deepened the horrors of the siege. Famine came at last. The streets were filled with throngs of women and children crying out, "We are dying of hunger." The people rose against the government, and were shot down and routed by their own troops. Four thousand persons died weekly of cold, hunger, and disease. At length, in February, Paris fell. The Germans marched in and retired; the war was over; the shops were opened; strangers flocked in; and beneath the bright skies and cheerful influences of spring the gay Parisians filled their classic streets once more, and Paris seemed itself again.

Then came the startling climax to this modern tragedy. Agitated by some unaccountable impulse—of rage, mortification, or of visionary hope—the Parisians rose in rebellion against the government they had themselves created. Their cruelty sullied what might have proved a just cause. A new siege began; and now a French army turned its shot and shell against its own capital, destroyed men, women, children in the midst of Paris, beat down the magnificent buildings of an earlier age, and slowly made its way into the silent streets, lighted by the flames of its fairest quarters. In the second siege, Mr. Washburne relates, the aspect of Paris was more terrible even than in the first. Famine, disease, horror, despair, filled again all ranks of its people. Three hundred thousand persons fled from its gates. The shops were closed, the streets deserted, and at night no light appeared through all the scene that had once shone like a perpetual illumination, except the glitter of destructive fires. It seemed a city of the dead, abandoned by Heaven and man. The fratricidal warfare ended in a spectacle only equaled in the seditions of Simon and of the robbers in the Temple, or of the Vitellian tumult and the burning of the Capitol. Prisoners and hostages were hastily murdered; a desperate faction strove to destroy their own city; the flames, set by no foreign hand, consumed the finest of its palaces and public buildings; amidst horrible massacres, and scenes filled with traits of cruelty more execrable than Dante ever conceived, a French army captured its own desolate capital, and began, we may trust, a purer and better era in the history of war-stricken France.

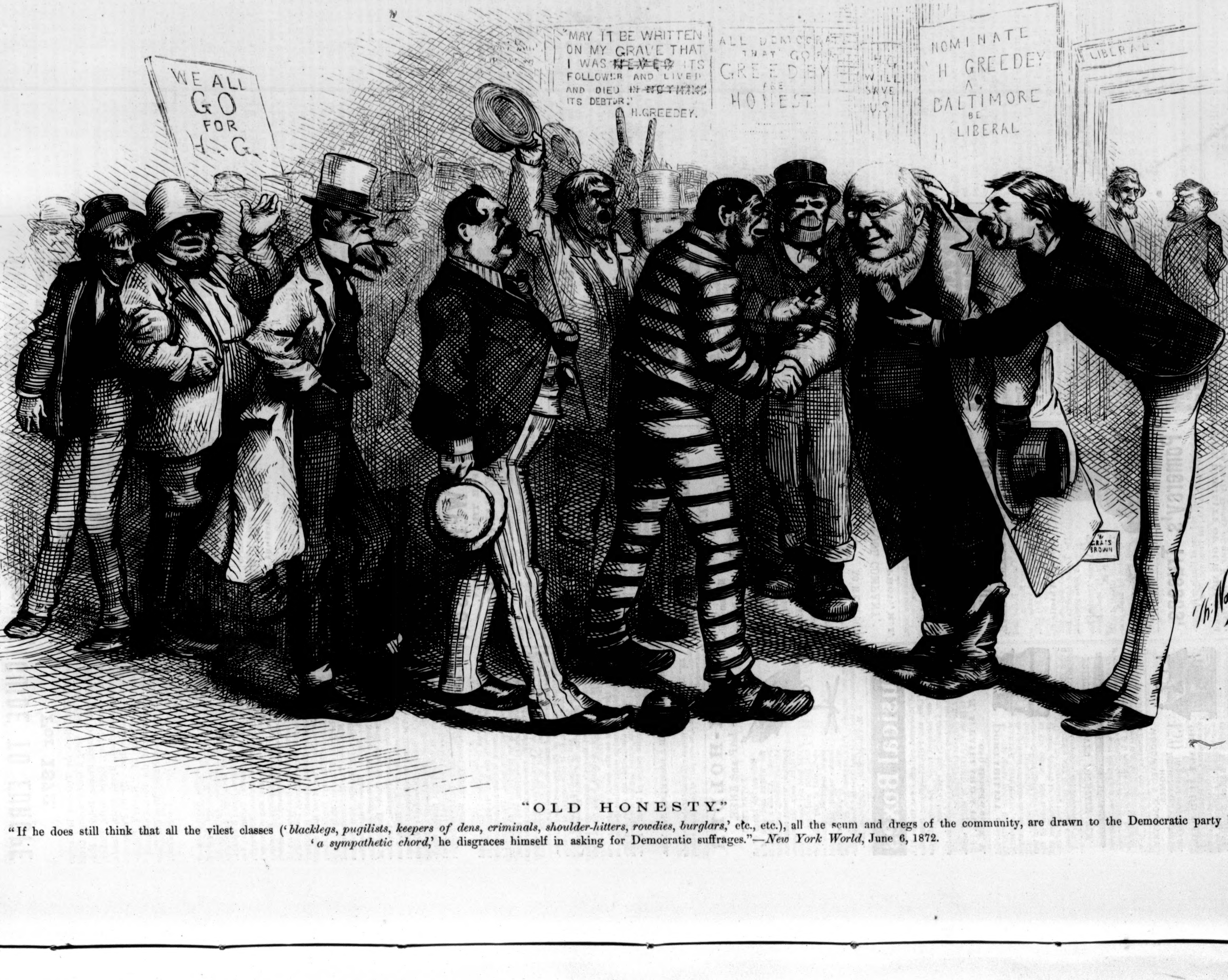
During all this period of danger and dismay Mr. Washburne, the American minister, remained in the afflicted city, holding the unusual position of the protector of the Germans, as well as of his own countrymen. At the request of the German government, and by the direction of President Grant, he assumed this difficult duty; he became almost as much the German as the American minister, and it is impossible to read his various dispatches and correspondence without feeling that there never was a responsible mission more honorably fulfilled. His own countrymen gave him little trouble; but for the oppressed Germans, terrified, ill-treated, and often starving, amidst their bitter enemies, all his labors and sympathies were employed. To aid them was one chief motive that led him to remain amidst the terrors of two bombardments. Among the savage and lawless portion of the Parisians he was known as "the Prussian sympathizer" or "the German spy." That he escaped their malice is not a little remarkable: yet no threats or dangers could drive him from the city. The French authorities issued two orders in relation to the German residents—one forbidding them to leave France, and, soon after, another directing their instant expulsion from French territory. Thirty thousand Germans, it is estimated, at once fell under the care of the American minister. His offices were thronged with these poor people, often destitute, deprived of employment, and seeking aid and passports to the frontier. For two months he was occupied from twelve to eighteen hours every day in the self-chosen duty of rescuing them from their enemies. He was often at the railroad station until midnight providing tickets; he visited poor serving-women in prison, and from one prison alone delivered seventy-four. He went personally wherever he heard of a case of suffering, or sent immediate relief. A throng of several thousand Germans often surrounded his offices before seven o'clock in the morning, and all the members of the embassy joined with him in his generous labors. He had been supplied with money by the Prussian government to aid its destitute subjects, and, besides, expended a considerable sum belonging to the United States in maintaining its "hospitality" to the suffering Germans, which he would not consent should be returned.

Our philanthropic minister hoped, when the siege was begun, that he had succeeded in providing a safe passage to their native land for all the objects of his care. He was soon undeceived. Many Germans still remained in Paris, destitute, in constant danger from the intense hostility of the citizens, and claiming his assistance. Some were aged and feeble; many servants had been retained by their employers, but were now turned out-of-doors, and often sent to prison as vagabonds. Not a day passed that he had not new applicants for aid. In November he was providing for one hundred and fifty. In December, when authorized by his government to leave the city, he urged, as one reason for remaining, that he was now furnishing three hundred and forty-one poor Germans with pecuniary aid, and that the number was increasing daily. When famine, joined with intense cold, deepened the sufferings of the besieged, more than fifteen hundred Germans were maintained by the American embassy. The number rose above two thousand. One day the embassador heard of a whole family that were perishing of want and cold in a miserable attic. His messenger found a father, mother, and five children shut up in a small room, with no fire, and no food but dry bread; a little boy, seven years old, lay on a pallet of straw, so weakened by hunger as to be scarcely able to lift his head. They had burned their last bedstead. He sent them, with the messenger, wood, provisions, chocolate, wine, and supplied them with money to last them through the siege. In the fearful reign of the Commune he was still the only protector of the Germans. He rescued them from the prisons; he often snatched them from death; he set free eleven German nuns who had been arrested; he insisted upon the release of four hundred and fifty of the people of Alsace, who were now become German subjects; he protected the splendid property of the Prussian embassy throughout the war. Nor did his generous labors ever cease until order returned, and there were no more applicants for his friendly aid. It is proper to add that Mr. Washburne would consent to receive no compensation for these extraordinary services, and that they were acknowledged in a grateful letter from the German government.

This is certainly one of the most honorable and remarkable passages in the annals of diplomacy. That an American administration should espouse the cause of an oppressed people in the midst of their enemies; should successfully shield them from danger in the horrors of the most dreadful of modern sieges; should feed, clothe, comfort them in their deepest suffering; should set a precedent wholly new in international law—is worthy of a republic that seeks to soften and refine itself and others: and it is, perhaps, still more a proof of the happy influence of free institutions that the President and his cabinet were represented in their humane designs by so philanthropic a minister as Mr. Washburne. He exceeded his instructions. He bore with him the humane, friendly, heroic spirit of our great West. At the risk of life, health, the safety of his family, often oppressed by sickness, agitated by constant alarms, he remained for nearly a year in the heart of Paris, watching over the German population as if they were his own countrymen, exchanging the usual round of diplomatic duties for the nobler office of the helper of the sick and the unfortunate.

Of the various calumnies with which it has been the aim of his opponents to overwhelm President Grant and his cabinet, none will seem to posterity more plainly malicious than the charge of hostility to the Germans; and that such a charge should be made by a German in the American Senate must at last awaken the indignation of all the better portion of his countrymen. No German, indeed, will read without interest and emotion these well-written and modest dispatches of the American minister at Paris. They show that while his defamers were endeavoring to excite the Teutonic population of our country to a crusade against his administration and his policy, President Grant was extending generous and unprecedented aid to their unfortunate countrymen in the beleaguered city; that his resolute interference delivered thirty thousand Germans from the dangers that menaced them on every side; that those who remained behind were still sheltered, and even fed and clothed, by the American government; that German nuns and German serving-women were rescued from the prisons of the Commune by the vigorous hand of the American President, and the life of every German made as safe in hostile Paris as if he stood on American soil.

The bitter assaults made by several German newspapers, editors, and politicians upon President Grant have here their best refutation. They are proved to be singularly malicious, for they are aimed against a benefactor. They are repeated with insolent triumph by the Jesuitical journals of Germany, and their author pronounced "the most eminent statesman of America." But no patriotic German in the Old World or the New will ever forget the aid rendered by President Grant to his countrymen in their distress, or will long be misled by the vain malice of his defamers.


WE ALL GO FOR H. G.
"MAY IT BE WRITTEN ON MY GRAVE THAT I WAS ~~NEVER~~ ITS FOLLOWER AND LIVED AND DIED ~~IN NOTHING~~ ITS DEBTOR." H. GREEDEY.
ALL DEMOCRATS THAT GO FOR GREEDEY ARE HONEST
H. G. WILL SAVE US
NOMINATE H GREEDEY A BALTIMORE BE LIBERAL
LIBERAL
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"OLD HONESTY."

"If he does still think that all the vilest classes ('*blacklegs, pugilists, keepers of dens, criminals, shoulder-hitters, rowdies, burglars,*' etc., etc.), all the scum and dregs of the community, are drawn to the Democratic party by '*a sympathetic chord,*' he disgraces himself in asking for Democratic suffrages."—*New York World*, June 6, 1872.

HOW RICE-PAPER IS MADE.

The rice-paper plant (*Aralia papyrifera*) grows naturally in China and Japan, where the inhabitants carefully cultivate it upon the hills and high-lying ground. In the autumn of each year, before the leaves fall, the Japanese cut off the young shoots and cut them into slips, which are tied up in bundles and boiled in large copper kettles or caldrons closely shut down. The boiling is continued until the bark has peeled off the wood, when the former is carefully dried and stored away for future use.

When it is required for paper-making it is thoroughly soaked in water for three or four hours, after which the brown skin is scraped off. At the same time the bark which covered the younger shoots is separated from the older and tougher sorts, from which an inferior kind of paper is made. Bark which has been kept for some years is only fit to make the commonest packing paper, and is manufactured with less care. When the bark is well cleaned, and arranged in order according to its quality, it is again boiled until the matter separates into a filamentous substance. This boiling is succeeded by another operation, called washing, which is of great importance in the manufacture of the paper. If it is not continued long enough, the paper will be of a coarse quality; and if, on the other hand, the substance does not receive enough boiling, the paper will be very white, but too soft and greasy to write upon. The pulp is placed in a basket which will admit the water on all sides, and this is plunged into a river and stirred about with violence for some time. Then the substance is placed upon a smooth table and beaten with wooden rollers. After the beating, an infusion of rice is poured on it, and the mixture is suffered to stand until dry, when the substance is raised leaf by leaf in the form of paper. These leaves are placed between boards, and the remaining moisture gradually pressed out. According to another account, the stem is cut into lengths of ten or twelve inches, and the pith forced out and placed in hollow bamboos, where it swells out to its natural bulk, and dries into a compact mass. This pith is cleverly cut by a workman, who holds a sharp knife against the side of the cylinder, which is then turned round, so that the pith is cut into a broad strip about four feet long. This is cut up into small squares, and sold in packets for different purposes. It is supposed that the paper made from the pith is the rice-paper which is imported into this country. It can not be made until the tree has attained a considerable bulk, and is too old to produce many shoots such as are used in the first process.

The tree from which this paper is made is particularly abundant in the island of Formosa. It is at first a small shrub, but after flowering it throws out several branches, and grows to a height of about twenty-five feet. It is generally cut down before it attains its full maturity, because the pith and bark degenerate in the older parts. Several large palmate leaves crown the stem. It has been supposed by many botanists that there are two or three different species of plants from which the Chinese make their paper, and there are, apparently, several ways of manufacturing it.

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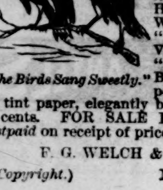

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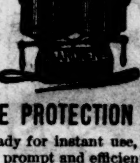

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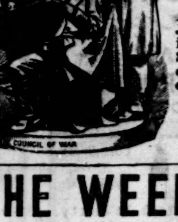

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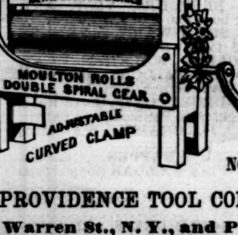

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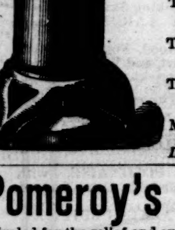

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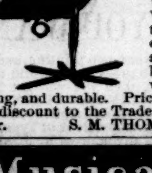

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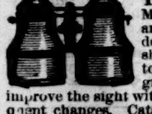

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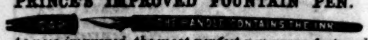

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